

Gc
929.2
F9158f
1807835

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01239 9728



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018

INTRODUCTION

This book consists of two parts. First, it presents the names of ancestors and descendants of Jacob Loepky Friesen and John S. Friesen who married the sisters Helena and Elisabeth Toews. The general plan is unique in that it presents the ancestral lines that converge in these two families. This genealogy presents the paternal as well as the maternal ancestors of both the Friesen and the Toews families. In each case the names in direct descent are underlined. After the various ancestral lines are shown to converge in these two families the direct descendants are presented including all children and families of the Jacob J. Friesen and the Jacob F. Toews homes.

The second section of the book presents the memoirs of Jacob L. Friesen who married Helena Toews. Since the experiences of John S. Friesen who married Elisabeth Toews and the Jacob L. Friesen family are closely related, these memoirs provide an appropriate account of recollections and experiences of the descendants of Abraham von Riesen and Franz Toews.

These memoirs were not written for the general reader but for the immediate family that is directly involved and sentimentally attached to the names and places involved. They are written in an informal and personal style. Low German idioms and influences are retained even though they affect the literary style.

With the account of persons and events these memoirs point to the spiritual heritage and Christian character of our forefathers. Have we been sufficiently aware of our heritage? In a very real sense we bear the image and character of our forefathers. Does our commitment to Jesus Christ and our loyalty to Biblical teachings as understood by the Mennonite Church compare with those who sacrificed as pioneers for the homes and faith that is ours today? These questions are raised in the memoirs and remain to be answered by each reader.

Jacob T. Friesen
Bluffton, Ohio
1962



These family records and memoirs
we dedicate to our children and grandchildren.

May they challenge and inspire you to
remember the faith of our forefathers
and

to follow in their footsteps.

"Remember your leaders (forefathers), those who spoke
to you the word of God; consider the outcome of
their life, and imitate their faith."

Hebrews 13:7

With Christian love

Jacob L. and Helena Friesen
Mountain Lake, Minnesota
June 1, 1962

Ancestors - - Descendants c

of

JACOB LEOPPKY ^q and HELENA TOEWS FRIESEN

JOHN S. ^q and ELISABETH TOEWS FRIESEN

Gc
929.2
F9158 f

and

Memoirs

prepared by

JACOB L. FRIESEN

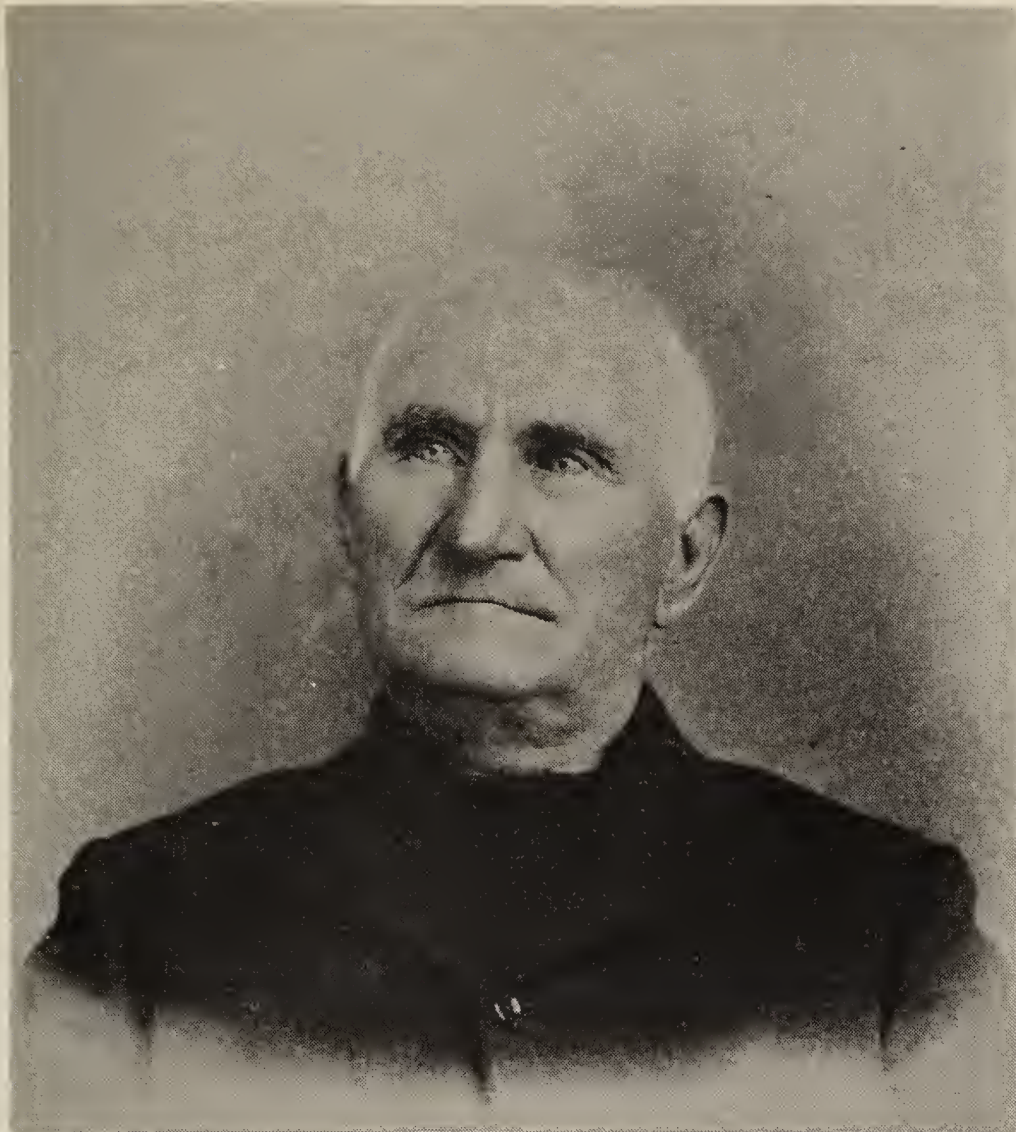
1807835



Jacob F. & Helena Lohrenz Toews



Parental Farm: Established 1889 by
Jacob J. & Eva Leppky Friesen



Peter Penner



Maria Newfeld Penner



Jacob and Helenn Penner Friesen



Standing:

Jacob J. & Eva Leppky Friesen

Sitting:

Johann & Susanna Toews Leppky

A N C E S T O R S - D E S C E N D A N T S

This genealogy traces the ancestral lines converging in the families of Jacob Loepky and John S. Friesen, sons of Jacob J. and Eva Loepky Friesen, who married sisters Helena and Elisabeth Toews, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob F. and Helena Lohrenz Toews.

FAMILY LINE OF JACOB LOEPPKY FRIESEN AND JOHN S. FRIESEN

I. Abraham von Riesen

b. 1769 in Prussia

d. ?

M. June 6, 1791

to

Anna Doerksen, daughter of David Doerksen

b. 1773

d. ?

II. Maria

b. April 22, 1792

d. July 8, 1804

II. Anna (1)

b. August 22, 1793

d. April 10, 1797

II. Abraham

b. September 5, 1794

d. ?

II. Cornelius

b. March 3, 1796

d. ?

II. Anna (2)

b. April 3, 1797

d. April 10, 1797

II. Helena (1)

b. July 29, 1799

d. June 16, 1800

II. Jacob

b. April 3, 1801 Russia

d. March 4, 1886 Niverville, Manitoba

II. Johann

b. September 6, 1804

d. ?

II. Peter

b. September 27, 1806

d. ?

II. Helena (2)

b. March 3, 1814

d. ?

* * *

II. Jacob von Riesen changed to Friesen sometime in this period

b. April 3, 1801 Nieder Chortitza, Russia

d. March 4, 1886 Niverville, Manitoba

M. January 5, 1826

to

Helena Dueck

b. November 19, 1807 Russia

d. November 16, 1859 Russia

PARENTS OF HELENA DUECK

Peter Dueck born in Prussia was drafted to serve
as personal body guard to Fredrich the
Great, King of Prussia, for 18 years.
He was a very tall man.

Agnetha Penner (widow)

b. September 16, 1768

d. October 15, 1847

III. Helena

b. July 17, 1829

d. ?

M. Peter Buhr

Children: Aganetha, Cornelius, Peter, Abram,
Heinrich, Jacob, Sarah, Anna.

III. Peter

b. February 4, 1833

d. Young

III. Jacob

b. July 16, 1834

d. December 25, 1910 Mt. Lake, Minnesota

M. Helena Penner

Children: Jacob J., Maria, Helena, Peter J., Abraham J.
Henry J., John J., and Gerhard J.

III. Cornelius

b. May 4, 1837

d. Young

III. Abraham

b. March 7, 1840

d. 1916 Butterfield, Minnesota

Children: Peter, Maria(single), Anna(Stoesz), Helena
(Heppner), Jacob, Aganetha (Stoesz) Abram,
Sarah (Falk), Henry, Cornelius

III. Heinrich (minister)

b. November 11, 1842

d. 1926 Manitoba, Canada

Children: Helena, Agatha, Jacob, David, Heinrich, Maria

III. Aganetha

b. August 11, 1845

d. Manitoba

M. Peter Dick

Children: Aganetha(Hiebert), Jacob, Peter, Maria
(Klippenstien), Anna (Hamm), Helena(Friesen),
Heinrich.

III. Maria

b. February 28, 1848

d. Russia

M. Erdman Buhr

Aaron Dyck(second marriage)

Children: Maria (First Marriage), Agnes, Jacob, Helena,
Agata, Anna.

* * *

III. Jacob

b. July 16, 1834 Russia

d. December 25, 1910, Mountain Lake, Minnesota

M. July 16, 1859

to

Helena Penner, Schoenfeld, Bergthal Colony, South Russia

b. May 1, 1842

d. September 3, 1916 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

FAMILY LINE OF HELENA PENNER-Paternal side

A. Gerhard Penner

b. October 15, 1758, Prussia

d. ?

M. ?

to

Anna ?

b. January 31, 1768

d. ?

B. Peter

b. October 31, 1792 Prussia

d. August 20, 1849 Russia

M. 1818

to

? Doerksen

b. April 21, 1799

d. ?

C. Peter

b. December 21, 1820 Old Colony, Russia

d. October 20, 1922 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

M. April 1, 1841

to

Maria Neufeld (widow Funk)

b. March 21, 1816 Old Colony, Russia

d. April 21, 1889 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

D. Helena

b. May 1, 1842

d. September 3, 1916

M. July 16, 1859

to

Jacob Friesen III

D. Abram

b. February 26, 1849

d. November 6, 1941

M. June 4, 1868

to

Maria Buhler

Children: Peter A., Justina(Klein), Abram A.,

Maria (Thiessen), Helen(single),

Anna (Isaac)

D. Maria

b. July 16, 1860

d. September 9, 1930

M. ?

to

John Reimer

Children: Peter J., Jacob J., John Jr.

FAMILY LINE OF HELENA PENNER - Maternal side

A. Abram Neufeld

b. April 7, 1736 Prussia

d. November ?, 1815

M. ?

to

Katherina Friesen

b. May 1, 1738 Prussia

d. December 1, 1799 Prussia

B. Abram (Moved from Prussia to Russia in 1803)

b. July 23, 1777 Prussia

d. November 13, 1846 Russia

M. May 13, 1797

to

Helena Teichgraeb

b. May 1, 1779 Prussia

d. July 19, 1866 Russia

C. Helena

b. January 24, 1799 Prussia

d. ?

C. Anna

b. October 21, 1800 Prussia

d. ?

C. Abram

b. December 9, 1802 Prussia

d. ?

- C. Johann (1)
b. December 29, 1804 Russia
d. ?
- C. Peter Russia
b. December 14, 1806
d. ?
- C. Katharina Russia
b. September 17, 1808
d. ?
- C. Johann (2)
b. December 20, 1810
d. ?
- C. Maria
b. March 1, 1816 Russia
d. April 21, 1889 Minnesota
M. April 1, 1841
to
Peter Penner (Paternal side C above)
- C. Heinrich
b. August 6, 1818
d. ? 1896
- C. Franz
b. November 6, 1820
d. ?

* * *

IV. Jacob J.

- b. September 14, 1860 Schoenfeld, South Russia
d. July 18, 1895 Mountain Lake, Minnesota (struck by lightning)
M. March 25, 1888
to
Eva Loeppky

IV. Maria

- b. January 6, 1862 Russia
d. January 31, 1940 Mountain Lake, Minnesota
M. June 24, 1883
to
Jacob D. Schroeder
Children: Mary (Vogt), Jacob G., Peter R., Helena (Dick),
David S., Elisabeth (Quiring), Ernest, Arnold,
Leonard, Susie (Janzen)

IV. Helena

- b. February 24, 1866 Russia
d. April 15, 1931 Mountain Lake, Minnesota
M. June 15, 1890
to

Henry A. Wall

Children: Helena, Neta(Penner), Peter, Katherina(Teske),
Maria(Penner), Henry, Anna, Elisabeth(Huibn),
Jacob.

IV. Peter J. (minister)

b. October 17, 1870 Russia

d. February 16, 1950 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

M. June 23, 1909

to

Maria Sawatzky

Children: Arnold

IV. Abraham J.

b. December 21, 1875 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

d.

M. July 4, 1904

to

Helena Dick

Children: Roland, Benno, Walter, Neta(Sholer)

IV. Henry J. (doctor)

b. April 20, 1880

d. July 6, 1951 California

M. December 30, 1909

to

Helen Hiebert

Children: Donald, Milton, Helen(Furry)

IV. John J. (J. John)

b. July 4, 1883

d.

M. September 1, 1915 (1)

to

Mary Hiebert

Children: Magdalene, Willard

M. November 15, 1942 (2)

to

Mary Rempel

IV. Gerhard J.

b. March 22, 1886

d.

M. August 25, 1915 (1)

to

Marie Schmidt

Children: Erich, Martha (Graber)

M. August 28, 1961 (2)

to

Helen Regier

IV. Jacob J.

b. September 14, 1860 Schoenfeld, Russia

d. July 18, 1895 (Struck by lightening)

M. March 25, 1888

to

Eva Loeppky (widow Hiebert) Niverville, Manitoba

b. December 20, 1862 Schoenfeld, Russia

d. July 2, 1934 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

FAMILY LINE OF EVA LOEPPKY-Paternal side

A. Johann Loeppky

b. December 6, 1803

d. December 10, 1862

M. 1823

to

Eva Klockman (daughter of Johann Klockman)

b. ?

d. June 16, 1888

Children: Johann, Abraham, Heinrich, Mrs.
Aron Friesen, Mrs. KrahnB. Johann (Loeppky changed to Leppky)

b. January 23, 1837 Russia

d. September 25, 1912 Manitoba, Canada

M. ?

to

Susanna Toews

b. February 10, 1835 Russia

d. December 23, 1900 Manitoba, Canada

C. Helena

b. August 2, 1855

d. ?

M. ?

to

Franz Kehler (1)

to

Gerhard Kehler (2)

C. Johann

b. March 12, 1857

d. December 15, 1913

C. Jacob

b. February 17, 1859

d. Manitoba

C. Dietrich (minister)

b. February 4, 1861

d. Manitoba

C. Eva

b. December 20, 1862 Russia

d. July 2, 1934 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

C. Susanna (Hiebert)
 b. April 2, 1865
 d. Manitoba

C. Abram
 b. November 16, 1867
 d. September 12, 1949 Manitoba

C. Peter
 b. December 4, 1869
 d. Manitoba

C. Maria (Dick)
 b. September 30, 1871
 d. Manitoba

C. Anna (Kliewer)
 b. September 13, 1873
 d. May 20, 1918 Manitoba

C. Heinrich
 b. June 18, 1877
 d. December 17, 1880
 FAMILY LINE OF EVA LEOPPKY-
 Maternal side.

A. Dietrich Toews
 b. 1806 Russia
 d. May 10, 1858
 M. 1828
 to
Helena Rempel
 b. October 9, 1808
 d. March 2, 1900 Manitoba

B. Dietrich

B. Peter

B. Jacob

B. Susanna (Leppky)

B. Mrs. Abram Loepky

V. Jacob L. (compiler of this genealogy)
 b. March 11, 1889 Butterfield Township, Minnesota
 d.
 M. September 25, 1912
 to
Helena Toews

V. Susanna (Susie) L.
 b. August 18, 1891
 d. October 15, 1939 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

V. John S.

b. February 23, 1893

d.

M. October 18, 1916

to

Elisabeth Toews

V. Helena

b. August 9, 1895

d.

M. February 8, 1917

to

Abraham A. Stoesz

Children: none

* * *

HAVING TRACED THE ANCESTRAL FAMILY LINES OF THE FRIESEN SIDE UNTIL THEY CONVERGE IN THE MARRIAGE OF THE TWO DESCENDANT BROTHERS TO HELENA AND ELISABETH TOEWS, WE NOW SHALL TRACE THE ANCESTRAL LINE OF THE TOEWS FAMILY.

THIS IS THE FAMILY LINE OF HELENA AND ELISABETH TOEWS, DAUGHTERS OF JACOB F. AND HELENA LOHRENZ TOEWS, WHO MARRIED JACOB L. AND JOHN S. FRIESEN.

I. Franz Toews

b. April 3, 1812 Heubuden, West Prussia

d. January 24, 1898 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

M. Four times

Agatha Janzen

b. March 16, 1816

d. Feb. 18, 1840

Sarah Thieszen (widow Wall)

b. March 10, 1792

d. March 11, 1801

Susanna Enns(widow Warkentin)

b. November 10, 1816

d. October 19, 1855

Children: Franz, Katharina

M. February 21, 1856

to

Elisabeth Dick

b. March 31, 1836

d. March 19, 1922 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

II. Nickolai F.

b. May 20, 1857

d. June 24, 1935 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

M. November 1, 1877 (1)

to

Anna Dick

Children: Peter N., Anna(Lemke), Elisabeth (Franz)
 M. January 1, 1915 (2)
 to

Eva Loeppky (widow Hiebert, Friesen) (3)

II. John F.

b. July 2, 1858

d. October 2, 1925 Oregon

M. ?

Agatha Enns

Children: Franz, Anna.(Einfeldt), Diedrich, John, Elisabeth
 (Snaveley), Katharina (Voth)

II. Peter F. (1)

b. December 17, 1859

d. December 30, 1859

II. Jacob F.

b. September 5, 1861

d. April 8, 1935

M. October 30, 1888

to

Helena Lohrenz

Children: Helena (Friesen), Franz, Elisabeth (Friesen),
 Jacob, Nicolai, Gerhard, Marie (Warkentin)
 Rudolf

II. Gerhard F.

b. September 7, 1863

d. March 19, 1949

M. Helena Unger

M. Sarah Wall

Children: Sara (Bennet)

II. Peter F. (2)

b. April 25, 1865

d. June 15, 1938 Oregon

M. Katharina Enns

Children: Anna (Siemens), Henry, Sam, Elisabeth (Bartel),
 Martha (Ratzlaff)

II. Henry (1)

b. March 14, 1867

d. May 3, 1868

II. Anna

b. August 17, 1868

d. July 11, 1939

M. John C. Hiebert

Children: Elisabeth (Neufeld), Helen Franz, John, Nicolai.

II. Elisabeth

b. September 29, 1870

d. December 29, 1887

II. Henry F. (2)

b. July 17, 1874

d. July 8, 1931

M. Anna Neufeld

Children: Luella, Linda (Bartel), Fred, Robert

II. Jacob F.

b. September 5, 1861 Pordenau, South Russia

d. April 8, 1935 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

M. October 30, 1888

to

Helena Lohrenz

b. June 19, 1868 Alexanderthal, South Russia

d.

FAMILY LINE OF HELENA LOHRENZ-Paternal side

A. Peter Lohrenz

b. July 30, 1781 West Prussia

d. January 17, 1856 South Russia

M. January 6, 1810

to

Maria Dick

b. January 25, 1785 West Prussia

d. October 28, 1848 South Russia

B. Peter

b. November 19, 1811

d. ?

B. Heinrich

b. April 22, 1814

d. November 26, 1853

B. Johann

b. November 17, 1815

d. August 17, 1844

B. Anna

b. February 25, 1817

d. November 10, 1844

B. Maria (Flaming)

b. December 23, 1818

d. May 28, 1873

B. Jacob

b. October 26, 1820

d. January 12, 1824

B. Gerhard

b. December 25, 1823 South Russia

d. December 26, 1891 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

- B. Katharine (Matties)
 b. September 4, 1826
 c. May 28, 1873

* * *

- B. Gerhard
 b. December 25, 1823
 d. December 26, 1891
 M. January 26, 1854
 to
 Helena Nickel
 b. December 13, 1834
 d. August 1905 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

- C. Gerhard
 b. January 6, 1855
 d. January 24, 1939

- C. David G. (1)
 b. April 9, 1856
 d. April 27, 1857

- C. Helena (1)
 b. March 7, 1858
 d. January 13, 1862

- C. Peter (1)
 b. January 13, 1862
 d. June 21, 1862

- C. David (2)
 b. November 2, 1863
 d. November 20, 1918

- C. Maria
 b. September 23, 1865
 d. March 14, 1936
 M. Abram Dick

- C. Helena (2)
 b. June 19, 1868
 d.
 M. October 30, 1888
 to
 Jacob F. Toews

- C. Anna
 b. April 27, 1871
 d. July 17, 1949
 M. Aaron C. Peters

- C. Peter G. (2)
 b. May 21, 1875
 d. October 12, 1939

FAMILY LINE OF HELEN LORENZ-Maternal side

A. Siebrandt Nickel

b. September 12, 1745 West Prussia

d. March 18, 1850 South Russia

B. Abraham Nickel

b. October 3, 1772 Schoensee, West Prussia

d. March 11, 1838 South Russia

C. David Nickel

b. November 7, 1808 West Prussia

d. October 19, 1883 Schoenwiese, South Russia

M. November 11, 1831

to

Helena Janzen

b. June 21, 1813

d. February 14, 1895

D. Anna

b. September 4, 1832

d. February 3, 1893

M. Regier

D. Helena

b. December 13, 1834

d. August 8, 1905 Mountain Lake, Minnesota

M. January 26, 1854

to

Gerhard Lohrenz

D. Abraham

b. January 4, 1837

d. February 26, 1896

D. David (1)

b. February 7, 1840

d. February 19, 1844

D. Sara N.

b. April 18, 1842

d. April 5, 1927

M. Janzen

D. Aganeta N.

b. August 12, 1846

d. August 25, 1905

M. Becker

D. Katharina

b. January 13, 1849

d. March 1, 1888

M. Eitzen

D. Susanna
 b. May 30, 1851
 d. May 4, 1926
 M. Kliewer

D. David (2)
 b. August 29, 1853
 d. August 30, 1940

D. Gertrude
 b. April 11, 1858
 d. May 25, 1923
 M. Hiebert
 * * *

D. Helena Lohrenz
 b. December 13, 1834
 d. August 8, 1905
 M. January 26, 1854
 to
 Gerhard Lohrenz

E. Helena married Jacob F. Toews (Ref: II. Jacob F.)

* * *

III. Helena
 b. September 15, 1889 Mountain Lake, Minnesota
 d.

III. Elisabeth
 b. September 13, 1891
 d.

III. Franz
 b. November 3, 1892
 d. November 3, 1892

III. Jacob J.
 b. February 22, 1894
 d.

III. Nicolai J.
 b. October 25, 1895
 d. November 2, 1953

III. Gerhard J.
 b. October 22, 1897
 d.

III. Marie
 b. May 23, 1899
 d.

III. Rudolf J.

b. February 24, 1907

d.

HAVING TRACED THE ANCESTRAL LINES THAT CONVERGE IN THE TWO FAMILIES OF JACOB L. AND HELENA, AND JOHN S. AND ELISABETH FRIESEN, WE NOW SHOW THE DESCENDANTS OF PARENTAL TOEWS HOME. WE CONCLUDE WITH THE DESCENDENTS OF THE TWO HOMES THAT CARRY FORWARD THE ABRAHAM VON RIESEN AND FRANZ TOEWS FAMILY LINE.

III. Jacob J. (Toews)

b. February 22, 1894

d.

M. July 12, 1916

to

Agatha Franz

b. February 23, 1896

d.

IV. Marvin J. (Toews changes to Taves)

b. May 8, 1918 Montana

M. December 25, 1942

Caroline Dilgard

b. August 14, 1916

Children: John Marvin, Peter Allen

IV. Marie Helen

b. December 28, 1920

M. August 16, 1941

to

Arthur Odens

b. July 8, 1916

Children: Donald Leroy, Joyce Marie, Margene Ruth,
James Arthur, Cindy Kage, Carmen Rae, Paul
Roger

IV. Jacob Arnold (Toews not Taves)

b. July 27, 1925

M. July 15, 1947

to

Gladys Krause

b. July 19, 1924

Children: Jonathan David (adopted)

IV. Luella Susan

b. March 9, 1928

M. October 14, 1950

to

Glen R. Carlblom

b. February 1, 1923

Children: Doyle Glen, Terry Clark, Rollin Robert,
LuAnne Marie, Brion Jay.

IV. Willard Henry (Toews changed to Taves)

b. June 23, 1930

M. August 17, 1951

to

Muriel Eileen Simpson

b. May 30, 1929

Children: Joy Lynn, Wendy Joyce, Richard Jay.

IV. Joanne Elisabeth

b. February 23, 1936

M. August 21, 1956

to

Glen Levno

b. November 7, 1934

Children: Valerie Joan, Patricia Kay, Christine Ann.

* * *

III. Nicolai J. (Toews)

b. October 25, 1895

d. November 2, 1953

M. September 14, 1923

to

Marie Stoesz

b. March 12, 1900

d.

IV. Nicolai Novalis

b. January 11, 1925

M. July 25, 1950

to

Pauline Thierstein

b. December 14, 1928

Children: Stewart Keith, Marna Jane, Jeffrey Briand

IV. Willard Milton

b. February 6, 1926

d. March 3, 1927

* * *

III. Gerhard J. (Toews)

b. October 22, 1897

d.

M. September 1, 1927

Susie Neufeld

b. November 13, 1898

IV. Gerhard Junior

b. June 6, 1929

M. August 10, 1956

to

Patricia Miller

b. April 20, 1936

Children: Gregory Steven, Debra

* * *

III. Marie

b. May 23, 1899

d.

M. April 8, 1958

to

John R. Warkentin(minister) (widower)

b. January 27, 1892

d.

* * *

III. Rudolf (Toews)

b. February 24, 1907

d.

M. June 9, 1927

to

Martha Sawatzky

b. November 12, 1908

d.

IV. Edith Mabel

b. May 8, 1928

M. June 3, 1949

to

Paul Burkard

b. March 6, 1925

Children: Sharon Rose, Timothy Lee, Tommy D.,
Gayline Joy, Philip G.

IV. Eleanor Evangeline

b. April 26, 1929

M. August 12, 1949

to

Earl Moser

b. October 1, 1929

Children: Connie Jean, Lawrence Earl,
Karen Lavella, Priscilla Joy

IV. Kenneth Rudolf

b. April 6, 1933

IV. Ardella Ruth

b. April 19, 1928

M. March 16, 1959

to

Jack L. Palmer

b. April 28, 1939

Children: Jerald Lee

IV. Rachel LaVonne

b. July 12, 1943

DIRECT DESCENDANTS OF THE TWO FAMILIES THAT
CONSTITUTE THE SOLE DESCENDANTS OF ABRAHAM
VON RIESEN AND FRANZ TOEWS

V. Jacob L.

b. March 11, 1889

d.

M. September 25, 1912

to

Helena Toews

b. September 15, 1889

d.

VI. Eveline Helena

b. August 13, 1913 Butterfield Township

d. September 14, 1938

M. May 27, 1936

to

John A. Friesen,

b. February 6, 1907

d. May 14, 1950

Children: Marlene Kay

M. March 8, 1942 (2)

to

Elsie Harder

b. February 10, 1912

Children: Loren, May 24, 1943

Tommy, April 24, 1945

VII. Marlene Kay

b. September 5, 1938

M. August 19, 1960

to

Macklin Eugene Soderquist

b. August 26, 1939

VIII. Bradley Eugene

b. April 28, 1962

* * *

VI. Arno Jacob

b. December 8, 1914

M. September 29, 1937

to

Mabel Sawatzky

b. March 12, 1914

VII. Carolyn Mabel

b. August 30, 1939

M. June 6, 1961

to

Paul E. Roth

b. December 30, 1937

- VII. Allen Jacob
 b. January 16, 1943
 d. January 16, 1943
- VII. Stanley Allen
 b. February 15, 1947
- VII. John Charles
 b. December 17, 1952
 * * *
- VI. Rosella Elisabeth
 b. March 10, 1917
 M. June 1, 1938
 to
 Raymond H. Dick
 b. August 12, 1915
- VII. Rodney Ray
 b. July 12, 1942
 * * *
- VI. Jacob Toews
 b. December 30, 1919
 M. September 2, 1945
 to
 Lisbeth Jane Koehn
 b. October 11, 1922
- VII. Priscilla Jean
 b. September 2, 1949
- VII. Jacob Lowell
 b. April 21, 1954
- VII. Von Tyler
 b. December 17, 1961
 * * *
- VI. Elmer Gerald
 b. July 19, 1921
 M. May 27, 1943
 to
 Mathilda Marie Dick
 b. June 13, 1923
- VII. Dennis Elmer
 b. December 4, 1947
- VII. Robert Erland
 b. August 15, 1949
- VII. Marjorie Marie
 b. August 27, 1952

VII. Verlyn Eugene
b. September 30, 1955

VII. Gary Eldon
b. February 16, 1959
* * *

V. John S.
b. February 23, 1893
d.
M. October 18, 1916
to
Elisabeth Toews
b. September 13, 1891
d.

VI. Dora
b. November 24, 1918 Montana
M. July 1, 1941
to
Henry Schierling
b. June 4, 1916

VII. Karen Marie
b. August 29, 1943
M. September 15, 1961
to
Larry Burton Graber
b. November 27, 1936

VII. Jerold Dean
b. October 1, 1947

VII. Howard Duane
b. September 21, 1951

VII. Susan Elisabeth
b. June 7, 1956
* * *

VI. Mildred Marie
b. March 27, 1920 Montana
d. February 22, 1921 Mountain Lake
* * *

VI. Leona
b. October 7, 1922
M. August 20, 1943
to
Benjamin Sawatzky (minister)
b. June 23, 1922

VII. Steven Paul
b. January 12, 1946

- VII. Monroe Philip
b. December 15, 1952
- VII. Rosemary Hope
b. July 19, 1955 India
- VII. Margaret Ann
b. November 29, 1956 India
* * *
- VI. Edwin Harold
b. February 28, 1926
M. August 17, 1951 (divorced May, 1955)
Alice Reika Johnson
b. February 26, 1933
M. October 3, 1961 (second marriage)
to
Rosella Krahn
b. June 11, 1935
- VII. Mary Ann
b. June 11, 1952
Given for adoption by State Welfare May, 1957
- VII. Deloris Ann
b. July 27, 1954
Given for adoption by State Welfare May, 1957
- VI. John Herbert
b. February 19, 1929
M. June 22, 1950
to
Cleo Brockmiller
b. January 2, 1930
- VII. Scott Warren
b. October 7, 1951
- VII. Merle Wesley
b. November 16, 1954
- VII. John Brent
b. February 6, 1959

THIS GENEALOGY CULMINATES IN THE VI GENERATION SOLE CARRIERS
OF THE IV JACOB J. AND EVA FRIESEN FAMILY LINE.

M E M O I R S
OF

22

Jacob L. Friesen
Mountain Lake, Minnesota
March 1, 1960

"Remember your leaders (forefathers), those
who spoke to you the word of God; consider
the outcome of their life, and imitate
their faith." Hebrews 13:7

I have always had in mind to write my memoirs of what I know of our forefathers and my own experiences. Since I have been keeping a book of family records, I will not go into detail with dates. As the story of the Mennonites can be found in libraries and many other sources, I will just touch on it in a general way as it involves our own family. Our forefathers belonged to the religious movement known as the Anabaptists later Mennonites. It began in Switzerland in 1527 and shortly after that also in Holland and Germany.

My first ancestor in our family record is Abraham von Riesen. His forefathers moved from Holland to West Prussia likely in the sixteenth century. They settled on a swamp that seemed useless. They drained and cultivated the area around Danzig and made it into a prosperous community. Here as before they were persecuted on account of their faith. Nonresistance could not be tolerated by the militaristic power of Germany.

So our great-great-grandfather and his family moved to South Russia around 1770-80. The Russian government had promised in a document to give the Mennonites a certain piece of land, and some financial assistance. It also promised forever to exempt them and their sons from military service, and to give them the privilege to govern themselves locally, and have their own schools. They settled on the Dnieper River around Chortiza known as the Old Colony. This was a vast virgin prairie at that time. They settled in villages having their pasture and farm land farther away.

The oldest written record we have is an old family Bible (1630). This Bible is in the possession of my son, Rev. Jacob T. Friesen. It contains dates of the engagement and marriage as of May 11, and June 6, 1791 of Abraham von Riesen and Anna Duerksen at Neuendorf, Old Colony, South Russia. There follow entries of births and deaths for two generations. In later entries he gives his name as Abraham Friesen. Just when and why this change is not known. A book by Benjamin H. Unruh on early families gives his name as Abraham Friesen, Neuendorf, 1795.

My great-grandfather, Jacob Friesen, came to Manitoba, Canada with his sons and daughters, and their families in the spring of 1875. He died in the East Reserve on March 4, 1886. It is told, he was a very large, fat man, very strong and fast in his younger years. I have seen his huge trousers. The door where his coffin had been carried out had a piece of the frame sawed out to accommodate it. The story is told that he caught a horse and grabbed its mane. He held a handful of horse hair while the horse got away. Another time he caught a runaway horse that had a rope around its neck. He got a hold of the rope, stopped it and threw the horse down. He lived and died at his youngest son's home Henry Friesen. His

oldest son, Jacob Friesen (Bergthal), was my grandfather. Bergthal was a daughter colony in Russia. When the Old Colony overflowed a complex of land was bought for the young married who had no land. Bergthal was such a colony about 400 miles east of the Molotchna settlement not far from Mariupol a little north of the Black Sea. This became a very prosperous colony with 30,000 acres opened up in 1836-45. Old Colony families settled here in five villages. My grandparents Friesen and Leppky came from here. They lived in Shoenthal, a very fine prosperous village.

I learned from later immigrants (1930) that the buildings in this colony still stood and were substantial brick buildings better and nicer farmsteads than their descendants in the Butterfield area have at present. This colony was the first to migrate to America. No one was left behind. The poor were helped along. Their goal was The East Reserve, 30-40 miles southeast of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. Most of them settled around Niverville and Otterburne.

A small group did not like it in Canada including my Grandparents Jacob Friesen (B) and four children. My Great-grandparents Peter Penner and one daughter, Marie later Mrs. John Reimer, came together as far as Berlin (Kitchener), Ontario, Canada in the fall of 1874. They stayed there during the winter 1874-75 at an old Mennonite settlement. These Mennonites settled in Canada earlier from Eastern United States. Grandfather's family stayed with a Weber family and were well received and cared for, as they often mentioned. My father had a friend, Joseph Weber who wrote letters. They proceeded to Manitoba that spring by ship via the Great Lakes to Duluth, overland to the Red River, by boat north on the Red River which flowed on the west boundary of the East Reserve.

My Grandfather Friesen and Great-grandfather Penner made half hearted preparation to settle near Niverville where they selected 160 acres of land. Being a very wet spring, the country level as a table, mosquitos big and fierce, they decided to look around a bit as it did not agree with them. They likely knew of a Mennonite settlement being started at Mountain Lake, Minnesota.

They decided to go to Minnesota by railway to investigate. They liked it so much better in Minnesota. They decided to settled here. They wrote to their waiting families to proceed to Mountain Lake, Minnesota at once. This move they and we their children have never had occasion to regret. The hand of God has been visible over our forebathers in their movements. They left Russia on account of their steadfast faith. No telling of what all we and our children escaped of Communist terror. The move to Minnesota has also had its far reaching advantages as we can now see.

They settled in Watonwan County, Butterfield Township, north of Butterfield, Minnesota. Others made the same move so there was carved a prosperous community known for many years as "Bergthal". It continued from the west county line about eight miles east with the church in the center, now known as the North Butterfield Mennonite Church. The old name was not good enough anymore for their children. Are we their children worthy of our fathers, their faith, their sacrifice and their pioneering hardships?

This settlement, known as Bergthal, was settled by a small group of Bergthaler. Most of the pioneer fathers I knew in my early youth and I will try to name them: Falk, Friesen, Penner, Harder, Funk, Derksen, Rempel, Sawatzky, Heppner, Stoesz, Enns. Some others came in by marriage. The children of these pioneers are still populating this and neighboring areas. Also many are scattered in the world. I know or knew them all. Additional family names are: Dick, Siemens, Sukau, Flaming.

Upon arrival in Mountain Lake, Minnesota in 1875 my Great-grandfather Peter Penner, the parents to Grandmother Jacob Friesen (B), bought a 160 acre farm with some buildings in Watonwan County located on the Cottonwood-Watonwan County line about six miles northeast of Mountain Lake, Section 18, Butterfield Township. This farm later was sold to Jacob Falk and was known as the Falk farm. Here Great-grandparents Penner and Grandparents Jacob Friesen and their families lived together the first three or four years.

Here my Uncle Abraham J. Friesen was born. Here Grandfather Friesen had an accident that cost him his right leg leaving only a short stump. He was a cripple for life and used crutches to get about. It was in the spring of 1877 when his long bladed pocket knife which he used to cut bread and was very sharp slid from the table. He drew his legs together to catch it, driving the blade into his right leg cutting the artery. The life blood gushed out and could not be stopped with the means and knowledge at hand and no doctor within 50 miles. Finally he collapsed. This process repeated itself a number of times. The wound always broke open after it had been stopped awhile. Finally the foot started to gangrene with the toes falling off. After some weeks in this condition, he was taken to St. Paul where an old army doctor amputated the injured limb. He finally recovered and led a very active and useful life until old age. He was a carpenter and cabinet maker by trade. He was much in demand in the community to help build houses and barns.

He still was not on his own farm. With a growing family and a cripple, he bought 160 acres of land two and one half miles from their first home on Section 8, Butterfield northwest corner; on that quarter. He began to build their future home with the help of his oldest son Jacob, my father, who was 18-20 years old, and the other members of the family. They managed to add to their land holdings. By the year 1888 he owned 480 acres of the finest land in the county. All four corners joined their farmstead. I have always marveled how carefully he must have chosen this complex of land all tillable, no sloughs or waterways crossing it. It needs very little tiling even today to keep it in top shape. In appreciation for his son Jacob's service without pay until he was 28 years old and married and established his own home, he gave him 80 acres just north from the home place the west half of southwest quarter of Section 5, Butterfield Township. This became our home farm on which I and later my family spent most of our life and which I still own.

Grandfather's farm just one fourth mile south of our home has become very dear to my memory. I may refer to it again and again in my report. My father, Jacob J. Friesen, went to visit friends and relatives in Niverville, Manitoba, Canada in the winter of 1887-1888. While there he met a young widow, Mrs. Jacob Hiebert, nee Eva Loepky. They were butchering hogs at his aunt Peter Dick's just south from Niverville where they both

helped. It was love at first sight, my mother later told me. Just a couple of years ago while visiting my Uncle Peter Kliever at Niverville, the only living member of Mother's family, told me my father and mother were childhood sweethearts in Russia in the Schoenfeld village school at age of 12-14 respectively. God's ways are most wonderful. My father was interested in a local Harder girl. But they broke up. She wanted to have a dance at their wedding and father objected. Thus a basic disagreement was discovered in time. My mother was married for five years to Jacob Hiebert. There were no children when he died.

After some correspondence my father went back to Manitoba that same winter to get his bride. They were married on Grandfather Friesen's farm on March 25, 1888. They lived with the grandparents for one year. I was born as their first child at this place on March 11, 1889.

Before continuing with the story I must go back and tell more about grandparents on both sides and of Great-grandfather Peter Penner.

I shall begin with Peter Penner. Great-grandmother Penner died about six weeks after I was born. She held me on her lap I am told. So I never learned to know her. I remember Great-grandfather Peter Penner as living with his daughter, my Grandparents Jacob Friesen (B), until grandmother's death at Mountain Lake in 1916. Great-grandfather Penner had been a miller and a storekeeper in Russia and later somewhat of a farmer in Minnesota. He did not seem to be very successful farming on account of his advanced years. I knew him as a very spry and active man. He was a free talker and always had interesting stories to tell. He died in 1922 nearly 102 years old with an alert and sound mind until his end. He repeated himself often as old folks do. He told of his experience with the Russian peasants with whom he lived for awhile. They were likeable and hungry for God's word, kept superstitious by the Greek Orthodox Church. He often came in conflict with the Catholic priest. They did not want him to proselyte in their field. He told them his field was the world. He told of the time he saw angels and of the time he was a storekeeper and a big shipment of goods was stolen. This was always a thrilling story. In those days all travel was by horse and sleigh, private or public stage coach for long distances. Hundreds of miles were involved. Great-grandfather Peter Penner and his partner and brother-in-law traveled to a city to buy thousands of dollars worth of merchandise for their store. To get the goods home they had to hire men that were in this business having horses and wagons and used for this purpose. A loaded caravan started on its way. They drove ahead and waited for their freight to arrive. Nothing happened. Finally they realized they were swindled and the goods were taken to a different place and sold by robbers. Realizing this, they made two extended trips to locate their merchandise. He said they finally found part of it in other hands but were unable to claim and possess it. It was in the midst of winter. They suffered much from cold, hunger, and privation. He always called it the Glukaw journey. This was the name of the city involved.

He never tired telling of another experience. He was following his partner over the river ice. The ice broke throwing the wagon in the water with the horses on the ice. He called to God for help and without his own effort angels lifted the wagon out of the water and the horses pulled and he was saved. This is just a very short version of the story. I have heard

it many times. He always concluded how he was so burdened with his sin. And that he was seeking the forgiveness of sin and peace with God. Finally he did not care for the lost merchandise if only he could find peace. Then he was gloriously saved and a peace and happiness came over him whereof he witnessed to his end to all who would listen. He became part of the early movement in about 1860 that organized the Mennonite Brethren Church and baptized a second time by immersion. He was a strong defender of this mode of baptism but not one of his many descendants belongs to this group. Only one of his great-granddaughters joined the Mennonite Brethren by baptism. But she joined a General Conference Church after a short time and still belongs there.

The form of baptism is man made and no Biblical ground is found for either. Immersion as practiced by the Mennonite Brethren is a device to set themselves apart and keep other believers out of their congregation, as I see it. Great-grandfather Penner when meeting people usually asked if they were saved and on their way to heaven.

As he lived with my Grandparents Friesen just one-fourth mile from our home he had a great influence on my early life. He would often come over giving advice how to feed the livestock, keep the barn clean and how to care for fruit trees. He taught me to read before I started school. The first I could read was John Chapter 1. He helped me with small chores, cut our hair and repaired our shoes.

He very much liked to go visiting. I was often asked to go along with him so he need not go alone. I could jump down if a tug became unhooked or anything needed adjusting on the harness or I would stay on the buggy and hold the horse when he just made a short call or transacted some business. He had his own driving horse, Nancy, and a one seated buggy. I remember my Uncle John about six years older and myself going along with him to the Mennonite Brethren Church in Carson for a baptism service. We stayed for dinner at one of his old friends, Ewerts, who lived near the church. The baptismal service in the afternoon in a nearby creek was very impressive, conducted by Elder Heinrich Voth. On our way home he was asking us how we liked it. He was liberal enough to attend our church, Bethel Church of Mountain Lake, most of the time with the rest of the family. He was always very punctual in having devotions after a visit in the afternoon or evening. When we visited the grandparents which was often in the evening he or Grandfather Friesen always conducted devotions, "Schluss Machen". A hymn or two, a chapter read out of the Bible, and some comment were often quite lengthy in the eyes of a sleepy school boy. But they left their imprint. I thank God for them. Many times during the evening one would read aloud from a book or magazine in the High German language. The beautiful Low German was really our every day language for our entire family and relatives. But I really remember no time that I did not understand the High German when read or spoken in church and Sunday School.

Great-grandfather Peter Penner outlived both of my grandparents and died in the John Reimer home (his youngest daughter) in Mountain Lake on October 20, 1922, two months short of being 102 years old.

In the year 1899 he gave a large Lehrer Bible to each of his grand-

children and a New Testament to the great-grandchildren. I still have mine containing the handwritten memorandum on the fly leaf. Cousin Peter Schroeder received a Bible because he was his name sake and my brother John also received a Bible because he wanted to become a preacher.

He often spoke of my father as his favorite. He spoke of his good disposition, devotion and particular success in all that he did.

I shall continue to tell about my Grandparents Jacob and Helena (Penner) Friesen. Grandfather was a heavy set man, not very tall about 5' 7". He was a deep thinker and an avid reader well informed in many fields of knowledge. Four of his five sons who went to college often sought his advice and information on matters of history or religions. He was rather quiet compared with Great-grandfather Penner. But whenever he said something it had depth and meaning. He was a deeply religious man and a true Mennonite. We as children of his oldest son who died at an age of 35 were very near to him, he to us. We were very near to grandmother as well. They have done much for us. He helped in small ways with repairs. One found him nearly always at his work bench surrounded by all necessary tools making or repairing something for the house or farm. I remember him cutting grass with horses and mower, plowing, driving loads to town or getting supplies. He directed buildings operation often on the scaffold jumping and standing on his one leg. He was very quick. This cost him his leg I often went along with him when he drove to town. Many times he asked me to get a drink of fresh water for him from the well some distance away.

A visit to grandfather's was always a delight and often mother with her four fatherless children walked the short distance to this haven of peace, rest, understanding and love. Many days and even nights we spent there, singly and in groups. Uncle Gerhard just three years older than I, was a challenging companion always up to something. My father called him a "Leid Haumel" and "Bell-Wether" We got into things he did not always approve. Uncle Gerhard sometimes wanted to trade with me and I suppose I got the worst of the deal. My father told me only the Jews traded but I came right back with the question, "Is father a Jew because he recently traded horses?" Even before father died I would take our cattle over in the morning and we herded them together all day. This went on for a number of summers and I had the time of my life. The two older uncles, Gerhard and John, took the responsibility and I mostly tagged along.

Grandmother Friesen was about seven years younger than grandfather. She was very strict and temperamental. If the boys would not behave, the stick was always handy. I suppose they needed it. Maybe I too needed it but I always was spared, they were very loving and concerned. Her food was delicious. I remember her baked goods and noodle soup, the family reunions, Easter, Pentecost, Christmas and always Great-grandfather Penner's birthday on December 20. In fall when one of the boys would leave for college "Abshied" was another family event. On Christmas morning my brother and sisters ran over while still dark to see what Santa Claus had left. It was a plate of eats on a chair and some presents. We always said our Christmas Poem (Wishes) quite lengthy and gave each of them a kiss. Everything would be left until the family get-together was over, maybe on second holiday. During summer time one or more of our Schroeder cousins from town stayed there and that was another attraction and enjoyment. A

good many times when a thunder storm came up and they did often those days we all ran over to grandmother's. We felt safer in company until it had blown over.

Grandfather's farming consisted of cattle, sheep, chickens, hogs, small grain, and a little corn maybe 5-10 acres. I remember how the boys would pluck a load of corn husks and all and bring it to the corn crib. Here old and young joined in taking the husks off and throwing corn in the crib. It had to be clean. No leaves or silks were to remain. Threshing was always a big event. Just before my time they used the reaper and the horse power and handfeeding the bundles into the cylinder and with a strawladder. The first I remember they had a binder and a steam engine for threshing. The separator was the same.

Sheep shearing was always a very interesting time for me. Their barns still smelled like sheep many years after they had no sheep.

Butchering hogs was an annual event at grandfather's home as well as ours and most others. I'll describe a typical butcher day as I remember it. This custom was observed quite generally in this manner until some twenty years ago when it was more in smaller groups and at any time during the winter. In later years in the deep freeze and locker age it took on entirely different custom. In the last half of November when it got cold enough a date was selected for hog butchering. Three or four couples were invited to come and help. Grandfather would invite my mother and hired man, Peter Derksen, Uncle Abe Friesen, and Marie and Peter Heppner. They would be there for breakfast at six o'clock in the morning. A table was heavily laden with food. I especially remember "rice with cinnamon". In the meantime two chaldrons with water were stoked to have the water boiling. The day before many preparations were made: crocks, pans and pails were cleaned and readied, a barrel and table for scalding and cleaning knives and scrapers sharpened, a ladder, a two wheel transport, ropes and wooden hangers. Grandfather usually butchered five hogs. We have never had more than three, often less. A couple of the young men would take a rope, tie it to the front leg of a hog and bring the hogs out one at a time. Two could be scalded in one water. They would be killed, scalded, scraped and cleaned then put on the ladder. The ladder on the axle of the wheels and thus carted to the granary quite a distance. They were hung upon the beams to be washed and scraped. The entrails were removed. That was Uncle Abraham Friesen's job. He was an expert at it. These were carried to the basement to be defatted and cleaned to be used for liverwurst and sausage later on. That was the older ladies' job. A long wooden butcher table was set up in the granary. The carcasses were laid on it where all would join in cutting them up. The fat back and sides were cut into strips. Then the hide and fat were separated and cut into strips to be cut up for rendering lard and cracklings. All was saved and used. The crackling were eaten for breakfast. The hide was ground up and made into headcheese together with any meat that was left on the head and bones. Thoroughly cooked the meat was removed, ground up and mixed later to be pickled. Two strips of bacon were cut out. The ribs were cut out. The hams and shoulders trimmed into desired shape. All extra lean meat was sorted and used for liver sausage. The sausages were smoked and hung in a cool place. The liver sausage was cooked and eaten for breakfast. The hams and shoulders were cooled then salted, cured and smoked. They would keep all summer hanging under a

hot roof. The ears, tongue, feet were cleaned and pickled. The rendering of the lard was a job that often took until midnight. That was a hard day's work especially for the mothers. That took care of the meat supply for another year. Some beef or poultry would be butchered any time in the year. The Peter Derksen's enjoyed it and were out helping at a good many places. All others as well had to return favors.

Grandmother Friesen was a frail woman thin and somewhat stooped from hard work. Grandfather developed dropsy which was held in check by his son, Dr. Henry and also a potion set together by son-in-law, Henry Wall. That reduced the water when it got troublesome. He was not well when they celebrated their Golden Wedding on July 16, 1909 on their farm under the trees.

During this summer they sold the farm of 400 acres for \$60.00 per acre to a Mr. Beatnig of Iowa. They bought a home in Mountain Lake on the east end of the present highway. They moved after they had their farm sale the same fall. Grandfather died on Christmas Day, 1910 at they age of 77 years. I had some very intimate visits with him this last winter. I remember once he said that we should not forget him when he would be gone. When I said my last goodbye to him the evening before he died, he quoted Romans 14:7 in German. As I held his hand he said, "Jacob, Jacob, Leben wir so Leben wir dem Herrn; Sterben wir, so sterben wir dem Herrn; Darum wir Leben oder sterben, so sind wir des Herrn." That was an unforgettable moment. The next evening he went to be with his Lord. After we came home that night my mother said we had lost much. One who was concerned about our well being. One who prayed for us was no more. He did not give any words of farewell to any other members of the family as to me.

Grandmother Friesen died September 3, 1916 of old age at 74 years. The five brothers of my father did much to help us and make our farming possible after my father's death. Uncle Peter, who was a minister, took part in the farming activities after graduating from Bethel College. He was mechanically inclined. He bought a gasoline tractor and threshing machine and did our threshing for a number of years.

Uncle Abraham was paralyzed on September 4, 1894 when he was found helpless in the field while plowing. He was an invalid many years. He had frequent seizures of cramps and convulsions which left him weakened. He finally recovered to live a long and useful life. The first winter after my father died he taught me and a few neighbor children reading and writing. Uncle Henry studied for doctor and was a eye, ear and throat specialist until he died in California.

Uncle John, now retired near Butterfield, was a professor in College and high school for a number of years.

Uncle Gerhard became a minister and is now semi-retired in Newton, Kansas.

Now I come to my grandparents on my mother's side, Johann and Susanna Leppky, Otterburne, Manitoba. We naturally had less contact with them. They came from the same village in Russia as the Friesens.

They moved to Canada the same time. They settled on and built their house on the southwest corner of the East Reserve in Manitoba, south of Niverville near the railroad. They were poor and had a hard beginning with a large family. Grandfather would shoot wild game for their meat supply. He told how he walked to Winnipeg some thirty miles in midwinter to get some supplies on a hand sleigh. Wolves kept him on the go when he was tired enough to give up.

My mother has told me of their first visit to the grandparents when I was about half a year old in 1889. I still have a letter part of which is addressed to me. He says he can not understand after holding me in his arms and looking into my innocent eyes that mother writes him that I was so restless, and crying so much. After a few admonitions he closed with quoting the exact same Bible verse, Romans 14:7 that my Grandfather Friesen quoted to me on his death bed about twenty years later.

The Grandparents Leppky visited us in Minnesota in the fall of 1893 as I well remember. I suppose I made a nuisance of myself on the long drives with horses and buggy. He said to me I would be a good boy if I left my sitter and my jabbering mouth home. I could not sit still and kept on talking. Mother and I visited them after grandmother had died in the fall of 1904.

We made one visit when my father still lived in the fall of 1894. Grandfather Leppky gave me a nice colored ball which I promptly lost among the hay stacks. I remember a prairie fire from the south one evening. They did some back firing. I believe the fire did not get to them that time. It always was dangerous and everybody was afraid of them. The rest of that visit is somewhat hazy. I remember visiting Abraham Leppky. They had twin baby girls which interested me.

I vividly remember one incident on that visit when we were on our way home. Uncle Diedrick Loeppky drove us to Neche, North Dakota, just across the boundary from Gretna, Manitoba. We boarded the train and my father could not find his tickets. We got off the train at once and caught Uncle Diedrick Loeppky who still was in town. My father remembered he had hung his coat over a sofa at his Aunt, the Peter Dick place, and that was the only place his tickets could have dropped out. They returned to that place about six or eight miles and there were his tickets. Uncle Loeppky took us to Emerson about twenty miles east where we caught a train later in the day. I remember brother John being very restless. I remember how the lights sped by when the train went through the cities or over the rivers how the coach windows reflected in the water.

As to our visit in 1904 I was fifteen years old, Grandfather Leppky got us from Otterburne with one horse and buggy. He was living with his youngest son, Peter Leppky, and his family on the old home place. I remember grandfather could be quite humorous although he was of a quiet deliberate disposition. He was of medium built not very heavy. He took us around with his one horse and buggy. I always had to get off to open the gates called "hakes." They seemed to be everywhere.

Grandmother Leppky was a tall, stout woman rather commanding and more talkative. Grandfather used to relate a story of the first morning of

their married life. Before they dressed he told her to choose the pants or the skirt. She of course timidly chose the dress and left the pants for him. He said he used to remind her of this choice occasionally "who was boss." She had made her choice. She had trouble with her eyes. She died December 23, 1900.

Grandfather Johann Leppky spent part of one winter in our home, some years after her death. He died the day of our wedding September 25, 1912. He used to tell how he would ride a full gallop along the village street in his younger years standing bare back on the horse. When he was old enough it was his duty to sleep in the barn to watch for horse thieves. He took a loaded gun along just in case. After thinking it over the next morning that if a thief really had shown up and he had shot him he would have become a murderer, he decided there and then not to take a gun along for that purpose again. He also told the story of thieves stealing his wagon. They were hauling hogs as I remember. He followed them for sometime trying to locate his wagon when he pretended to want to buy hogs. So if the hogs were small he wanted large ones. If he found them to be large he wanted to see small hogs. That way he got to see different wagons. He did not get back his wagon.

The following is a short paper that I composed and read at the Leppky reunion July 13, 1958 in a small natural grove in Niverville. About 300 descendants gathered for a short program and an afternoon and evening of fellowship. It was in German and it may repeat some of my former statements. The following is a translation.

Today we are assembled as a group of descendants of Johann and Susanna Leppky. Many of us have planned for this occasion for a number of years. We are meeting this afternoon in a small natural grove on the land of one of our cousins. We are indebted to our grandparents and owe a note of thanks to their memory and to God.

"We are reminded today of the manifold blessings that are ours as result of their life, their faith, their pioneering on our behalf. They left their beautiful home in South Russia and most of their earthly possessions behind. In 1875 they arrived with their family together with the families of their brothers and sisters. The entire Bergthal Colony settled on the virgin prairies around Niverville known as the "West Reserve."

Our Grandfather Johann Leppky was a devoutly Christian and spiritual man. It is our duty and privilege to follow in his footsteps. He was ahead of his time in many ways. He dropped the "O" in his name Loeppky early in his life, thus modernizing it. I do not know the exact circumstance but even today about half of his children use the "oe" and the other half only "e". His two brothers and their families all use the original "oe".

In another point he was ahead of all his neighbors. He refused to settle in a village as was the custom in Russia. This also was the ruling of the church elders for the new settlement. He was put out of the church and "banned" thereby losing any right to buy land in the reservation. He was able through the help of his brothers to secure a piece of land on the extreme southwest edge of the Reserve. Here he built his home and raised his family. Both he and grandmother died and are buried here.

That he was right has been established. All the villages have been abandoned long ago. Everybody lives on his own land today. The community really owes him an apology for the treatment he received.

He had a better than average education. I remember his telling that because of his fine penmanship he was chosen for higher education to study for "GebietsamtSchreiber", county clerk. He considered himself fortunate that this did not materialize. I believe his father advised him against it. Higher education was considered dangerous in those days.

He had a noble and well defined character. He was not a man of many words but occasionally he was full of humor and jokes. I remember one afternoon as he visited with one of his friends, his humor and joking took over and I still have to smile when I think of it.

There may be a few older cousins here that knew him better than I. I believe I was privileged to learn to know him better than most of you. I have a stack of letters from him written over twenty four years to my parents, my mother and to us children. Even shortly after I was born he directed a few lines to me and most of the time he would enclose a little slip of paper "To my little people." As soon as I was able to write I wrote to him regularly.

His letters tell me more of him than what I remember. They show his deeply religious, God fearing, humble character. He usually began his letter with a Biblical salutation citing some scripture verse, commenting on it with some remarks and applications. The closing was the same way.

He died on our wedding day on September 25, 1912.

My earliest remembrance of him was when I was four or five. He gave me a beautiful colored ball which I promptly lost among his haystacks. In our later visits I always felt I should go and look for my ball. On that same visit a prairie fire threatened from the south one evening. They burned around the farmstead to create a fire break.

I remember when the grandparents visited us in 1893. I was five years old and quite restless on the long horse and buggy trips. He made the remark that I would be a nice boy if I left my shifting sitter and my "maulwerk", talking machine, home.

After grandmother died he spent one winter in our home. He taught me not to use Biblical expressions in vain. I had the habit of saying "Halleluja" at inappropriate times. I dropped the habit then and there.

Our tribe of "Eva" is, I believe, the smallest of the children of our grandparents. It was transplanted and took root and prospered about five hundred miles south in beautiful Minnesota, United States of America.

We are almost strangers to many of our cousins here and therefore this Leppky reunion. Whenever I visit our relatives in this area I note similarities of facial features, speech and character that remind me of our Grandfather Leppky. No doubt you note the same in us. I have repeatedly been told even have been mistaken for my Uncle Abraham Leppky. I am

proud of this because of what grandfather and especially my mother have meant in my life. This reminds me of the Bible verse, I Corinthians 15:49. "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

We bear the likeness of our earthly forefathers. This illustrates that in a fuller and more perfect way we are to bear and reveal the likeness and image of the heavenly Jesus Christ. Even now we are to live and to grow ever more perfect in His likeness. In our resurrection bodies we shall celebrate our perfect reunion. The Lord grant this to all of us. That is my prayer.

This brings us to the story of my parents, Jacob J. Friesen and Eva Loepky (widow Hiebert). This event and their first year of married life including the birth of their firstborn son, Jacob, at the grandfather's farm on March 11, 1889 have been reported already. I, Jacob L. Friesen the writer of these memoirs, am that son. My mother has told me I weighed only five pounds at birth, not so small but skin and bones. She was not very proud of me at that time. But that changed rapidly. By the time I was six months old I weighed twenty pounds, and was chubby. The day of my birth was a nice spring day. My Uncle Peter told me he was working in the field already.

Mother told me she was often lonesome for her parents and family in Manitoba. The spring of 1889 my father started to build his own farm one-fourth mile north of grandfather's place on the 80 acres. He received this from home. It joined grandfather's place. He was an accomplished carpenter and did all his building with the help of brothers and grandfather. The main house was about 18 x 28, two-story, with a wing for a kitchen one story. The whole house cost him \$400. He also built a barn and dug a well. The well was 28 feet deep and did not have enough water. Sometime later he decided to drill down with a hand augur to see what lay below. He worked in the well with Brother Peter assisting him from above. After he got down six feet he struck water. It came up so fast he hardly had time to take his tools and get out. This well has never given out and has never been pumped dry even if pumped day and night for a week as we have done a number of times in irrigating our garden. The same year my parents bought another 80 acres of land joining the homeplace to the north running north and south. The farm was one mile long on the west side. The price was about \$1500. This money my mother brought with her. He also planted a large grove and windbreak of maple and poplar trees. He planted about seventy apple trees and mulberry grove. He was a very ambitious young man. Grandmother Friesen used to say anything Jacob takes a hold of is successful.

The young family was established and was prospering. Of course, I do not remember these first years. Two more children joined the family circle, Susie in 1891 and John in 1893. I was now four years old and began to remember a good many things after this. Grandparents Leppky visited us that fall which I remember very well and have elaborated on earlier. There were to be only about two years that I was to enjoy the conscious company of my father.

I was often with him outside doing the chores. On his trips to town and to church I often accompanied him. We had chickens, sheep, cows and horses

at that time. I remember how I climbed on the ladder to the haymow when he got in the cattle. One time I was run down by a horse as I stood in the barn door. It did not step on me. I was often in the field with him. One time mother and father took us all out to the field. They were pulling mustard and my job was to play with the other two to keep them happy.

The road to Mountain Lake went diagonally due southwest starting from the southwest corner of our land. I went along to Mountain Lake with him with a load of wool. I remember well that he unloaded it in a building west of the present Franz store. That storage building was just moved away a year or two ago. I often thought of that experience when passing it.

I remember traveling this prairie trail going to church in the morning and in the evening. One time on a clear starlit night, father sang the song, "Weit ueber Jenene Sternen Meer" as we drove across the section called the "hay section" for many years. It is just west of Arno's farm. We drove home from my first Christmas program in church. I was clutching my present, a little wooly lamb. I was running along holding on to the buggy to keep my feet warm. I remember one time I was unable to open the barn door on account of the storm. I prayed God for help and I succeeded to open it.

My father was very fond of singing. He taught me to pray for all my little and varied needs.

My mother slipped and fell on the ice and she was in bed for some time. Often I would kneel at her bedside and pray for her recovery and not in vain.

In our family devotions father would lead in singing some hymns in the evening. We always prayed. If for some reason we were not in church Sunday morning father would always read aloud a sermon or scripture, sing and pray. He often asked me to begin the song. I even had the idea I could possibly do it best. I really do not know to this day how well I did. I have always been musically inclined and could carry a tune or start a song correctly. After he died I was able to sing a great number of gospel songs he had taught me. I often sang my longing and loneliness away.

This custom of family devotions in the evening and on Sunday morning was regularly observed at mother's home and at the grandparents where we often went on Sunday morning. The year I was baptized, 1907, I suggested to mother that we also have scripture reading and prayer at the breakfast table. We always observed this later in our family.

My father was a devoted Christian. I have had this assurance from many sources. He was quite active in church and missions. I remember that he bought a sofa pillow at a mission auction on the steps of the Bethel Church. My grandparents and also my father belonged to the original Wall Church at the Gospel Church site. Father was baptized by Elder Aron Wall in the church. Shortly after that this church split. (See 50 year Jubilee Book of Bethel Church). Grandparents and father were in sympathy with Rev. H. H. Regier and his group. They joined the Bethel Mennonite Church of Mountain Lake shortly after its organization.

Now, the year 1895 rolled around. Father was interested in modernizing his farming. A lot of hard work was the hay supply for the livestock. The custom was to stack the hay near the barn and then carry it into the barn in winter time.

For heating the house there was a large brick oven actually an entire wall fired with hay. After the big oven was heated it kept the house warm for a while. It was quite messy. This oven was torn out one year before that spring to be replaced by a hard coal burner. To solve the hay problem he decided to build a large barn and hay loft and install a hay carrier which was one of the first in the settlement. He raised the roof of the old barn then moved the east wall, so the entire barn was 24 x 88 ft. long, 14 ft. high. The west 40 ft. were for livestock and some grain bins and hay loft overhead. There was a driveway with two big doors so the load of hay could be driven in. The east end was open from the ground to the roof for hay. He built in a wooden track so hay could be hauled up to both ends of the barn with slings directly from the load. This worked out very well and saved alot of handling. These tracks and carrier are still in serviceable condition in the present remodeled barn. He also constructed a cistern for rain water. I remember him coming home with a huge wooden cistern on the wagon. He stopped in the yard, he had a steel coaster for me. I remember they put the cistern into a large excavation near the house. Shortly after on July 4 the birthday of his brother John, Uncle John and Gerhard came over because he had bought something for them and asked them to get it. They drove away with two brand new tricycles which were gifts to them for herding his cattle. That made me want one too. He promised to get me one also. Mother later got one for me.

Thursday, July 18, 1895 was a never to be forgotten day for our family and the entire settlement. My father was struck by a bolt of lightning and taken from us.

A translation of the report of this tragic day as printed in the "Men-nonitische Rundschau" follows. This translation from the German brings the description of this experience exactly as I remember it. I have added a few personal notes and corrections.

Thursday morning, the 18th of July, 1895 dawned with a thundercloud threatening on the northwest horizon. Many farmers were scanning the west pondering this question. Will it rain? Does it pay to drive out into the ripe oats fields?

Thus considering stood the young farmer, Jacob J. Friesen.

Finally, he decided to go out into the field, cutting the ripe oats as long as possible.

He hitched three of his best horses to his Deering binder and drove into the field close by the farmstead. His small son, Jacob, was with him all morning during the entire forenoon.

(I remember finishing this small field just east of the buildings. He had some trouble getting the binder through a narrow lane between our land and the neighbors fence. He made one round on the next field about one-fourth

mile north of the farmstead.)

The cloud was more threatening now from the southwest. Reaching the southwest corner of the field he stopped, stood on the seat of the binder to get a better view over the small hill. He turned to me and said, "Run home, tell Mama, I will make one more round and then I'll come home for dinner." I ran home as fast as I could, and just as I reached the house the rain began to fall.

Before Friesen made another round the weather broke with all its fury. The rain poured, the thunder and lightning raged. Even those under roof were filled with fear.

He did not make another round, but turned around to reach his home.

But with this morning's work, his life's work was done. A bolt of lightning struck him just as he reach the road. He fell over backwards, his feet caught in the bundle carrier pedal. He remained on the seat his body hanging down at a ninety degree angle.

The center horse was also killed, which prevented the others from running away.

I remember his eyes were wide open, his face dark brown, his straw hat on the ground with a hole burned through the brim. His right ear and cheek were scorched and the clothes burned from his chest. The golden watch chain was melted in three pieces. The silver watch case was also scorched. The Elgin watch was still running. I have used it many years and it is in running order now over 80 years old.

Mother sent me and the hired Strausz girl to go and see why Papa did not come home. Thus we found him. A scene one never forgets. Two men "Enns" arrived at the scene shortly before us. They returned to my grandfather's place to get my Uncle Peter. Grandmother would not stay behind. She did not know the worst. My mother was also on the road at our driveway looking for her loved one. She was also taken on the wagon. The scene at the place of the tragedy was spared my young eyes as mother and wife beheld their son and husband. Our hired girl and I returned to the house. I can still see them come into the yard. They drove to the granary to unload the body. Then my grandfather sent me over to tell them to bring him into the house.

The scene that follows defies description. Grandfather Friesen had in the meantime walked the quarter mile on his crutches. He told me to keep the flies from my father's face while they made preparations to take care of his body.

The funeral was Saturday at the Bethel Church of Mountain Lake. This was the first funeral in the new enlarged church just recently dedicated. Rev. J. J. Balzer spoke on the text, Hosea 6:1, then Rev. Henry Dirks from Russia and missionary in the Dutch Indies who was visiting the community based his message on Revelation 7: 9-17

Burial was in the Mountain Lake Cemetery. He attained an age of 34 years 9 months and 26 days. He left to mourn his widow and three children Jacob 6, Susie 4, John 2. Helena was born three weeks later. This was the report in the Rundschau.

How did the small orphaned family carry on after such a loss? I am sure we were under the special care of our Heavenly Father as a goodly number of Bible verses plainly state. He is the God of the widow and the fatherless. We had a wonderful mother. Not many could have done what she accomplished. Her parents and brothers and sisters were all in Manitoba, Canada. She was often lonely. With tears and prayer, faith and hard work she carried on a day at a time.

Another factor that made it possible for her to keep the family together and operate a 160 acre farm was that the Grandparents Jacob Friesen and five uncles and Great-grandfather Peter Penner were living close by.

The first couple of weeks Rev. N.F. Toews, who later married Mother in 1914, and family stayed with us to help bring in the harvest. He completed the interior of the barn. He was a carpenter by trade. Besides that we owed much to faithful servants that stood by us.

The first year or so Gerhard Krahn, mother's cousin, worked for us. He was temperamental and hard to get along with. Then we had Wilhelm D. Schroeder for eight years. He was a steady, faithful, hard worker, somewhat slow, cooperative, and willing to take orders. He really pulled us through. We owe much to him. He was the youngest brother of Jacob D. Schroeder, a brother-in-law to father. Both of his parents had died so he was without a home.

Katharina Plett, later Mrs. Gerhard G. Penner, worked for us four more years during the same time as Wilhelm.

She was the bossy type. She worked in the house or in the field as needed. We became quite attached to her and she to us. Mother did not work in the field except in harvest time. She would build the grain stack and hay stacks. She managed the farm very well. The garden, yard and field were always clean and orderly.

We had a large orchard of about seventy apple trees. These were kept cultivated. Beans or other vegetables were planted between the rows. The entire garden was hoed regularly. There were flower beds west of the house and a number of rows of currant and gooseberry bushes to the north. Later I planted three rows of cherries on the northeast side. Our crops were largely wheat, oats and flax on newly plowed sod. Some corn was also planted. This was increased from year to year. We went through the grain fields at least two times pulling any mustard that could be found. In the corn we pulled wild oats which became quite a problem. We also had cows, young stock, horses, pigs, and chickens. These all had to be taken care of especially in winter time. Work included carrying in the hay from the hay mow; cleaning out the manure with a wheelbarrow, piling it up in the back yard and spreading it by hand in the spring.

Corn was planted by hand the first years. I remember Uncle Henry had

a wide marker. Driving lengthwise and crosswise he could do a neat straight job. The corn was planted by hand planters four or five abreast at the exact spot where the marker rows crossed. I have planted some that way too. The corn was picked by hand and shoveled off by hand up to the later 30's. Then we got a mechanical picker. Corn was sold in the ear. Some used for chicken feed and the hogs was shelled by hand. That was a job Wilhelm would do many a rainy day. They seemed to be rather plentiful those years. Wages were quite low. Wilhelm received, if I remember correctly, \$218 the first year with a small increase each year. He would live with us as one of the family. He would drive us to school. He would drive the whole family to church and on visits.

A couple of years later Mother felt she needed more land to give work for Wilhelm and Katharina so she bought another 80 acres of land from A. R. Foss, St. James, at \$35 per acre. This was the east half of the northwest quarter of Section 5. This was all prairie and was all broken up with a narrow sod breaking plow. After a few years we had nearly the entire 80 acres in wheat at one time. We cut all this wheat and other grain with horses shocking and stacking it by hand. This was a big job. It was not long until I had to build bundle loads on a hayrack without a railing. It sometimes would slide out and we had to do the job over. We usually hired one man to stack the grain and we hauled with two wagons.

I was quite young, about twelve, when I had to build the grain stacks. It was quite an art to build them so they would not tumble over and shed the rain properly. We had much trouble those years with heavy and prolonged rains in spring and also after the grain was stacked. Often we would get somebody to thresh them rather late in the fall. Sometimes strong storms accompanied the rain and the stacks tips were toppled off. That meant extra work. Sometimes the stacks would not dry but began to grow. Sometimes we would have damp wheat that had to be shoveled over and over to keep from heating. After the grain was stacked, the plowing began. I plowed with three horses and a 18 inch hand plow. Soon we got sulky plows with 16 inch bottom. Later two bottom gang-plows. One could ride these. With three horses and a sulky plow I could plow about three acres in a good day. The routine of farming was much the same every year. We fanned the seed grain in late winter. Oiling the repairing the harness and machinery was done at the first sign of nice weather. We broke in any young horses or began to work them slowly to harden them.

The earliest I remember the grain was sown with a seeder which was built somewhat like a drill but just spreading the grain on the ground with a row of small cultivator shovels passing over it. This was followed with a harrow and the job was completed.

Threshing was done by men who made a profession of it. They had a steam engine, which I liked to watch by the hour. They would eat and sleep at the farm where they worked. With rain interruptions it took as much as three weeks to get done. Of course the local men would go home but one usually had a few transient workers whom we called tramps. These stayed which was not so nice.

Henry Schroeder, oldest brother of Wilhelm, threshed for us, neighbors Enns and Janzen. In later years my Uncle Peter Friesen had a gasoline

tractor and thresher. I remember his having first a steamer, Nicholas-Shepperd, then a Waterloo gasoline tractor, later two Hart-Parr gas engines. If one of these old timers began custom threshing they would never give up. They insisted they did not make anything. The rates were two-three cents per bushel for oats and barley, five-six cents for wheat, about ten cents for flax. The farmer hauled the grain away in sacks and later in the box to be shoveled off.

Some of these later threshings with Uncle Peter were after Wilhelm's time. Wilhelm left us in the fall of 1904 after eight years of faithful service. He moved to Drake, Saskatchewan, Canada, married and raised a family. He was back to visit us once during the years.

I must go back and tell about my schooling that was completed during these years. During the winter of 1895-1896 Uncle Abraham Friesen instructed me privately. I began to go to the District School one and three-fourths miles south in the year 1896-1897. My teacher was William Bertsche, an old soldier. The spring of 1897 I attended the German school at the E.M.B. Church near Mountain Lake for two months, April and May. Jacob J. Becker was my teacher. My father wanted us to go to German school first. My mother tried to get a boarding place in Mountain Lake for me to attend the Jacob J. Balzer school in the fall of 1896 but nobody could be located to take me in, therefore I started to District school. The two months that spring was the best my mother could do. They gave me a good start in German and Bible.

In 1897-98 I again attended the District School with Miss Linscheid as teacher. In 1898-99 I believe I went to the Bergthal German School located three and three-fourths miles east near the church. David J. Becker was the teacher. We stayed in school during the week eating and sleeping in the same building. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Nickel were the houseparents. They were the grandparents of our daughter-in-law Mabel, Arno's wife. Mrs. Nickel died that winter in childbirth and a baby girl was buried with her. They had a large family and Susie, the oldest girl, was later to become Mrs. Peter J. Sawatzky, Mabel's mother.

I had a tough time at this school. There was a tough bunch of boys and Mr. David Becker could not keep order. In 1899-1904 I went to District School with Diedrick J. Dick as teacher. He was a very good teacher loved by all. He had a wooden leg. He had a farm about one and one-half miles from school. In addition to the regular subjects he taught one hour German and Bible History. I drove a one horse buggy to school taking Susie, John and Helena with me. The last two years I again attended the Bergthal German School. Abraham J. Becker was the teacher. He was my best teacher. He was strict and we had to toe the mark but we studied hard. I thank the Lord for him. His wife, the "Tante", was overseeing the cooking. We slept upstairs on the floor on straw mattresses with a featherbed and a feather blanket. This was quite primitive by modern standards but it gave me an eighth grade education. I had a working knowledge of English and German and the other subjects. Besides that I knew my Bible. Much of it I had memorized with many religious songs and poetry. This gave me a broad and good foundation. Higher learning was out of the question for me. I like to believe I had what it would have taken as well as the interest. My place was on the farm with mother and brother and

sisters who depended on me. I was always able to hold my own among my contemporaries. I was a devoted reader and still am reading books, magazines and papers. So I am still learning.

In the fall of 1904 at the age of 15 years and 9 months I was to take over on the farm. Of course John, four years younger, Susie, Helena, the youngest, and mother as the boss, all helped. Doing the chores, milking feeding and cleaning the barn was a big job. I remember a good many times, I would sit down and rest a number of times before pushing a wheelbarrow of manure out on the pile. Things were not so handy. Water was at the well with the troughs full of ice. Water had to be pumped by hand. The cattle were turned loose to drink. The horses were led out twice a day to water. Water had to be carried to the pigs and chickens. Brother and sister had to be driven to school.

That spring, 1905, we hired a young man, Peter P. Derksen, for the summer months to help with the field work. Shortly after he started he got blood poison in his hand and was laid up for months. His brother, Ben Derksen, not much older than I, helped in his place.

In 1906 Ben Derksen worked for us during the summer months. After that we got along without regular hired help. We would hire a man by the day occasionally in the busy season.

I have reported of our devotional family life before mostly referring to father. It was continued in the same spirit and fashion with mother. We had a wonderful mother. She was quiet but very efficient. Our little family was knit very close together. We always went places together or we were at home together. We planned everything and talked things over together. I always felt after the experience of losing my father in such a tragic way that I aged by ten years in a short time. Mother was always worrying and expecting the worse. I suppose some of this rubbed off on me too. She was much concerned to keep the children together. I had my brainstorm too. Once I wanted a bicycle. She did not want to get a bicycle for me, lest I got to running around. She talked me out of it. She promised to get me an organ if I gave up the idea of the bicycle. As I was quite musically inclined I compromised for an organ. She promised to get an organ if we would get 1200 bushels of wheat. We go over 1300 bushes of wheat and I got my organ. This may have happened in Wilhelm's time yet. I took quite a few organ lessons. The first teacher was Miss Beckman. Miss Dina Risser who later married Frank Janzen was also a very good music teacher. I learned to play the organ after a fashion.

It was usually hard for me to get up in the morning. Mother would have to call repeatedly. I suppose I was overtired sometimes or it probably was the sound sleep of youth. She would promise me things that I wanted very much if I would get up after the first call for a certain length of time.

During the summer time usually one or more of my cousins of the Schroeder family were staying at Grandma Friesen. Naturally we like to run over to play with them. An hour was usually agreed upon. Sometimes we would have to do certain work first such as hoeing a certain strip, picking gooseberries or currants, or picking off the potato bugs. This company was not always for our best interest. They usually had some new

things to teach us that were not desirable.

As I mentioned before my father was a carpenter and cabinet maker. I still have a corner closet and a sleeping bench he made that can be opened up and closed leaving the bedding in place. The closet was made especially for me. My brother John and I slept in this home made bed for a number of years.

Father also had a broom binding machine. He made brooms to sell. They looked just like the brooms one bought in the store. Father had a workbench he made himself. It was on the second floor of the house. He built a picket fence from the barn to the road. Each picket pattern was sawed by hand. We kept it painted white. It looked nice. We have some pictures showing it.

This is the story as it comes to my mind so far. I have not touched so much on the spiritual and emotional part of my early experience. I was a sensitive and emotional child mother told me. If father would say a harsh word to get me to sleep he had to talk it over and kiss off the hurt before I would quiet down. I have always wanted to get to heaven, especially since my father went before. I heard about the Bible, about sin and about getting saved from my early childhood in the family devotions, especially by Great-grandfather Peter Penner. I knew one must have faith but how does one have this saving faith. One must change his ways. I saw this change in my young friends and relatives. Sin and the old nature gave me much trouble and drove me to much prayer but I was unable to take hold of this gift of God. I do not remember ever hating God or trying to avoid Him. As the year 1907 rolled around, I was miserable. There were to be revival meetings in February for three weeks in our Bethel Mennonite Church. Rev. W.S. Gottshall of Bluffton, Ohio was to be the speaker. Services were in German. An inner voice spoke to my heart. This was the time to settle this question now or maybe never.

Our entire family drove to these meetings with our faithful sorrel team and buggy every night and every Sunday morning during the entire three weeks. We heard the challenging messages. Decisions for Christ were made. You must believe, is and was the formula. But how does one believe what one really has always believed? I was much in prayer. On February 28, 1907 Rev. Gottshall had a stirring message on Matthew 23:37. "O Jerusalem, killing the prophets and stoning those who are sent to you! How often would I have gathered your children together as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, and you would not!" At the close of the meeting, it felt like scales from my eyes. I saw the light Paul saw. I saw my risen Lord. I would not certainly was not the case with me. I wanted to be taken under His wings with every nerve of my being. I surrendered with all my heart and gave myself over completely. Faith whether strong or weak, I trusted him. The joy and peace that came into my soul cannot be described. It seemed as if heaven had come down to earth. This joy has never left me. My Jesus will keep me whatever may come. I have had trials and tribulations. The adversary is strong and goes about like a roaring lion. But my anchor holds. Praise the Lord.

Wuesten's doch die Leute
 Wies beim Heiland ist
 Sicher wuerde heute
 Mancher noch ein Christ.

There were about forty new converts during those weeks including my sister Susie and Helena Toews who became my life's partner. I do not know what they experienced. One cannot and does not describe one's inner feelings. To my knowledge all became steadfast Christians and pillars in our and neighboring churches.

Rev. Gottshall repeatedly visited our community later. He would ask those to stand that were saved during those meetings. There always was a generous response.

After that Rev. J. J. Balzer gave the group instruction, first daily, later on Sundays. We were baptized on Pentecost, May 19, 1907 by Rev. H. H. Regier.

Life must go on and it did. Everything looked different. My brother John was growing up and was more help. We were a wonderful team and could accomplish a lot of work. He was strong and maybe a bit more daring than I. He did not have the tragic experience I had. He was too young to remember. Even Susie did not remember anything of father. Mother always used to say when something needed to be undertaken, "I'll wait till the boys grow up and are ready to take over." We did grow up. We had our eyes open and our heads full of new ideas how things could be improved. Brother John was especially good at making short cuts. I think it was in 1908 that we decided to put in a waterworks. Up to now it had been like I described earlier. We planned a system of pipes to the barn, house and the stock tank. We took the matter up with A. A. Penner who was in that business. We got a large 56 barrel galvanized storage tank set up overhead in the barn. We dug the trenches 6 ft. deep to make all necessary pipe connections. My brother John and I dug all the trenches. Mr. Penner had never seen anybody digging trenches that fast. Mr. Penner put in the pipe and pump connections. We got a gasoline engine and huge pump jack. We had running water for many years. Part of the system is still serviceable.

In the fall of 1909 Grandfather Friesen had an auction sale and moved to Mountain Lake. We felt very much alone. My brother and I were better and more efficient farmers by now than any of the uncles. They did not want to farm and the farm had to be sold. That closed a chapter in our neighborhood. Al Curly rented the farm the following year. He was Catholic and Irish and mostly looking for trouble. They did not stay long.

In 1910 we planned to remodel and enlarge the house. We began in the spring. Jacob P. Pankratz was the carpenter with three or four men. The old kitchen and porch on the north side were taken down. The main building was raised about fourteen-sixteen inches from the foundation. The entire house was lifted from the floor twelve inches to get a higher ceiling. A new wing 16 x 16 was added to the north with full basement and two story high. New two-pane windows were put in with a large bay window to the south. New siding and a new galvanized roof was included. It is substantial-

ly the same and has given good service. This is the place where the larger part of our family life has been lived. Evelyn and Elmer were born here.

In 1911 we remodeled the barn adding a lean- to 16 x 42. We remodeled the inside arrangement and put in a cement floor.

This year we also bought our first Model T Ford car. We traded one horse at Oberle in Comfrey. We had the second car in our neighborhood. Peter Flaming bought one shortly before us.

We had nearly a crop failure that year. Some barley did not make the seed, oats between 200-300 bushels and wheat about the same. We have never had as poor a small grain yield before or after. Corn was a little better about 35 bushels to the acre as we got fall rains. The spring was dry and hot. The crop failure did not pinch us very much in our many new ventures because we had the money on hand.

Stacking our small grain crop did not take very long. So it was decided that I would work on the threshing machine for Uncle Peter J. Friesen to keep us busy and earn some extra income. I think that was the only time in my life I have worked for pay for anybody. We would exchange help with the neighbors or help out otherwise but that was a different situation. I probably worked about two weeks. We were threshing north of Mountain Lake where they had a better crop, because of some local rain. We were threshing at Henry Fast, Gerhard Fast, Henry G. Fast, H. Penner, Steffen, John Fast and some other places in that neighborhood.

I enjoyed it very much because I was relieved of the care and responsibility of managing our farm. I just had the bundle team to care for and pitching of the bundles. Shortly before we finished this ring of jobs I drove home on John's bicycle to have him take my place the next day. He had been busy plowing at home. They were to thresh our few stacks shortly and I wanted to get everything ready at our place. On August 22, 1911 I got a wagon load of Kerosene to be used for threshing. That was always the job of the farmer. There usually were about five 50 gallon barrels. As I wanted to use the wagon to haul the grain from the threshing machine the next day I decided to unload. I placed a stone boat, three or four planks nailed together against the rear end of the wagon to roll the barrel down. Tipping the barrel on the side ready to roll, I stepped on the ground to guide it along the planks and in doing so the planks slipped and dropped on my left leg breaking and splintering both bones between the knee and the foot. This was a high price to pay for my inexperience and my over anxiousness to be ready. I acted on the spur of the moment. That always has been the case with me. I believe it usually was an asset but not this time. It was about 400-500 feet from the house. I had to call for quite sometime before I was heard and help arrived. That was the end of my farm work for that year. My uncle Henry A. Wall, an old style bone doctor, was called. He had never set a broken leg. He usually had better luck with setting bone fractures than the medical doctors in those days with no x-ray help. That was our only hope. He did the best he knew. I was flat on my back for eight weeks. He sometimes nearly despaired but with God's help the bones finally mended leaving my leg somewhat crooked and about one inch shorter. I was around on crutches and by Christmas I managed to get around with the help of a walking cane. By the following spring it was as strong as ever

and has given me good service. A slight limp is a steady reminder. It left a delicate spot on the front of the large bone. It has given me much trouble breaking open and ulcering for a month or two. It would break open with the slightest irritation. After trying different doctors Dr. Hagen of Butterfield prescribed salve which always would heal it in time. It has been sore maybe a dozen times but has not made any trouble for some ten or fifteen years.

This was quite a set back for an ambitious young man of 22 years who was in high hopes of claiming a fair maiden as his bride in the near future.

This brings me to the second most important event in my life. I had for sometime prayerfully sought God's leading as to whom he wanted to be my life's partner. A loving wife and family seemed to me the highest goal in life. Life seemed to be empty and useless without it. God's choice for me I am sure was the bright-eyed oldest daughter of Jacob F. and Helena Toews, Helena. I had known this family for a long time. We belonged to the same church and were in the same Sunday School and other church activities. Mr. Toews was for many years my Sunday School teacher. I respected and appreciated him. We had very much in common spiritually. I knew him as a model farmer. I had occasion to be on their model farm when buying seed grain from him. He used to sell a lot of seed grain. He seemed to have the best variety and cleanest seed. This happened repeatedly. I would try to learn as much from his farming methods and ways of doing things as possible. One never could come into their yard or do business with them without being invited in for a cup of coffee. I believe it was standing practice in their home to do so. I could not help but meet their two lovely girls, Helena and Elisabeth. They looked the same to me and I could not tell them apart. I used to ask my sister Susie who was who. This did not mean anything special to me at the time. The year 1909-10 I became interested in Helena. We both were rather bashful. By Valentine's Day, 1910 I took heart and sent her a Valentine card. I do not remember that I visited her before. This broke the ice. Valentine's Day has always had a warm place in our hearts ever since. We began seeing each other. I began to make calls in their home occasionally, much too seldom to suit me. These calls were stepped up as time passed. I would drive our one horse and buggy. We had a beautiful sorrel and I was proud of him. I remember one evening it was pitch dark and a thunder cloud was acting up. Father Toews insisted I take his lantern which he had for that purpose. It clamped over the buggy shield. I started off. It was not long until the wind blew it out. It was pitch dark. The lightning revealed the outline of the area momentarily. I had no trouble finding my way around and the faithful horse would take care of the rest.

Time went on between hope and despair of the final outcome. That spring there was a program in the German School. The Toews had their team at their Uncle and Aunt Aron C. Peters who lived in the then known Voth building. It was a store and living quarters combination located at the corner where the Chevrolet garage is at present, two blocks east on Main Street on the south side of the Highway #60. It was a beautiful spring evening. I walked Helena to the Peters' place with the group. We left the others and walked around the entire block alone. When time came to say good bye, I put my arm around her and we exchanged our first kiss. That was a thrill.

I believe we both felt that we were meant for each other. We never considered the possibility of it being otherwise.

We were seeing more and more of each other. We were not running all over the country. We were either together in her room or with the rest of the family or sat together on the lawn swing.

As the spring 1911 rolled around, we bought our Ford as mentioned and in good weather I would come with the Ford which was quite a rarity. The Toews got their first Ford at least two years later.

The accident with my leg raised a lot of questions in my mind. Will I be a cripple? Will she be true or rather not have me? I suppose we were both tested severly. But the Good Lord who had brought us together did see to it that it could be accomplished. We praise His name.

That spring of 1912 I was 23 years old and considered seriously to bring our courtship to a climax. It was in late spring or early summer I do not remember the date. I made up my mind one Sunday to ask her the all important question.

I was getting the cows from the pasture just east of the buildings. As I walked leisurely across the lush pasture I spotted a four leaf clover. I picked it and considered it to be a good omen for the outcome of my plans that evening. I saved this four leaf clover and have pasted it into my German Family Bible. I am not superstitious and wasn't then but it gave me some encouragement.

I asked the question that night and received her "yes". I composed a little verse under the inspiration of youthful love. It is my own.

Genommen hast du mir das Herz
Mit deiner Augen Blick
O so gieb mir auch jetzt dein Herz
An seiner statt zurueck.

Denn ohne dich ist oed and leer
Das Herz in meiner Brust
In deiner naehe welch ein Meer
Des Glueckes mir bewusst.

O sage ja und doch nicht nein
Und komm an meiner Brust
Und sprich ja dein nur will ich sein
Und gieb mir einen Kusz.

I found out not so long ago that there is a Bible verse that could be the inspiration for this poem. Solomon 4:9 The German gives the thought best. If I remember correctly, I wrote only the first verse on that first Valentine card. The entire poem I quoted to her on that memorable night just described above.

In due time I brought my intention to her parents. They very graciously gave us their consent and parental blessing.

Wednesday, September 25, 1912, 2:30 p.m. was the date selected and preparations began in earnest.

On Sunday, September 15, Helena's birthday, we announced our approaching marriage to the Sunday morning congregation. Since then we have been together every day of our life with very short exceptions. It was the custom to visit all the close relatives either her parents or my mother accompanying us depending on which side of the family we would visit. This kept us quite busy together with the wedding preparations. The wedding was to be at her parents' farm home. We made our visits with our Model T Ford when weather permitted. The Ford was just one year old but had quite a bit of trouble. Tires did not last as long then and went flat ever so often. I would have to patch, pump, and change tires often. Helena faithfully helped so we had a chance to test our temperaments and nerves. We survived that ordeal.

Needing many things for the wedding we decided to go to Mankato to get the necessary things. My mother and her parents and we both went with the Ford. I had never driven that road. We usually went by train. No roads had gravel or markings! We were told never to get too far from the railroad tracks. Since the railroad went northeast, we had to go east and then north again. We made it all right going down. I believe it was on Friday, September 13. It was a cloudy overcast day. In going home we went due south for quite a stretch from Madelia before we realized we were lost. It was dark by this time. We asked our way back to St. James and got home quite late.

A temporary addition was built on the south side of the Toews' home with a large tarpaulin covering the whole area. It was large enough to accommodate the guests. After that the tables were set. It was raining often the week before the wedding. The roads were muddy with absolutely no gravel road anywhere. Most of our travel had to be with horses. The evening before the wedding we were surprised with a wedding shower. We received many useful gifts. The night before the wedding it rained all night. The wedding day the rain stopped. It began to clear up in the afternoon but a cold north wind was blowing. We had the first hard frost the following night. There was a small platform on the south end of the temporary building for the ministers and the organ. We marched arm in arm as Sister Elizabeth played "Nearer My God to Thee" on the organ. General singing followed. Rev. H.H. Regier gave a sermon using as his text Psalm 91:1, 2, 11. Rev. Regier performed the ceremony. Rev. P. J. Friesen made the introduction using Psalm 23 and Joshua 1:8 and prayer. Congratulations and the wedding meal for all the guests followed. Cooked beef, Zwiebach cake and other foods and coffee were served. In the evening we had a short program. Just before the evening program began we received a telephone call from our station master reading a telegram to mother that her father, Johann Leppky, had died in Manitoba.

That evening after all the guests had left Father Toews read the evening devotions and I was asked to pray. The next morning her brother Jake took us to my mother's home with one horse and buggy. My mother had planned to go to grandfather's funeral. She finally decided not to go. I suppose she was too upset and not feeling good.

I later learned that Helena's sister Elisabeth had a dream that we would be married. This was before I had given any indication of interest in Helena.

We agreed to stay with mother and the brother and sisters for the time being. I had not received any pay for my work but now I was to have a certain share of livestock and grain receipts. I believe it was one-third. I am not sure.

Late in 1912 or early 1913 we bought an 80 acre farm with new buildings, very nice land all under cultivation for \$7000. It was known as Boyer's farm one mile north from Helena's folks. We took possession after harvest 1913.

Both my mother and father Toews offered to help us out with \$1000 each to make the down payment. Mother later gave the \$1000 to us. Father Toews' \$1000 I paid back several years later.

Needless to state we were a very happy young married couple, and have increasingly been so through the years. We thank God for this blessing.

In the course of time we were expecting a baby. On August 13, 1913, Eveline Helena was born to us. The thrill of holding one's firstborn in one's arms cannot be described. It must be experienced. She brought great joy to our family as she was the first grandchild on both sides.

Helena was slow in recovering. She was in bed three weeks. Upon the advice of her folks we had Mrs. John J. Regier attend to her. We quickly learned that a regular M.D. was far superior and delivery not nearly so painful. I believe she would have recovered sooner too with the proper attendance. The Lord gave health again.

On September 26 we moved to the Boyer farm. I still remember it was a warm sunny day. Helena drove one team and wagon load of corn. Little Eveline six weeks old was on the top of the big load in her crib. I followed with a load of pigs. O, how I looked back as we went over the hill thinking of leaving my home place for the last time.

The one year of partnership gave us a better start. We had several cows and two young mares, one roan and one a bay. Mother contributed to our start my share of grain. Father Toews gave us a horse, "Star", and a cow. Now we were in business of our own. One remarkable incident was shortly after we left, the hogs on mother's farm died of cholera, the cows began to loose the calves prematurely of Bang's disease. None of our stock was affected.

Another coincident we may note here is that both of these moves were on September 26 and that September 26, 1956 we moved to Mountain Lake into our new house to retire. In the spring of 1914 I planted quite a few boxelder trees east and north of the farmstead.

The first crop was damaged by hail but we got a fair crop. One mile south at the folks' farm, the small grain was just ready to be cut and it was a total loss. They cut everything with a mower and stacked it with the haystacker for feed.

December 8, 1914 Arno J. was born. We were helping butcher at her folks place when suddenly the alarm sounded. We hurried home and someone got Dr. H. J. Friesen who was visiting at Mountain Lake and before long the loud cries of a husky son filled the house. It was a rather difficult birth. She was under chloroform and did not suffer so much.

We were on this farm for over a year and we were getting more or less settled. Some machinery and a horse we would occasionally borrow from one of the folks. The Rev. I. J. Dicks moved on their folks' farm one half mile southeast about the same time so we had neighbors of our age.

The Martin Franz' lived one-fourth mile east and were friendly and helpful neighbors.

In 1915 we were able to rent some land from the Frank Dickman estate one mile northeast. This gave us a little more acreage. Going back to the fall of 1914 once more, I was unloading newly picked corn into the crib when my mother came up with an important question. She had a chance to marry Rev. N. F. Toews and she wanted to know our reaction. I told her if that was her desire we surely would not want to be in the way. We wished her every happiness after her long widowhood and her remarkable way of taking care of us until we all were grown and beginning to get on our own.

I naturally was not very enthusiastic about the prospect of sharing my mother. We could not wish for anything better for her declining years. They were married on New Years' Day, 1915 on the home farm.

Mother signed over 160 acre of the home farm to us four children before her marriage. She kept the 80 acres with the buildings.

They continued to farm the whole place together for 1915 and 1916. They got the rent from the whole farm as long as she needed it.

Back to our own story. I added to my machinery buying at farm sales. I remember buying a Deering binder at the Peter P. Pankratz sale nearly new but only 6 ft. wide. Father Jacob Toews teased me calling it a button hole scissor. I told him I wanted to raise grain so thick that it need not cut any wider. This binder gave good service. I even took it to Montana later. The land was very level compared to the rolling land I was used to. It was very wet those three years I farmed it. I never was very happy with its performance.

I was teaching a boys' Sunday School class during these years. I also was President of the Mountain Lake Crop Show connected with a 10-day farmers' short course in the Mountain Lake High School. This was the most elaborate undertaking of this nature, Mountain Lake ever had. In those early years there was usually a one-day farmers' institute which was always a highlight in my farming experience. For many years I attended them faithfully, eager to learn about the newest in farming methods, livestock and crop varieties. They reported on the findings of the Farm Experiment stations with special speakers and lectures. Usually a free meal at noon was given by the businessmen.

During this year one morning we found our best milk cow dead in her stall. The loss was keenly felt. Those things have happened time and again also with horses. I would say it is not a human life lost so we had much to be thankful for and would go on from there.

My brother John noting our happy family life began making plans of his own. What could be more natural. He chose Helena's sister Elisabeth. They were married in October 18, 1916. My brother-in-law Jacob J. Toews, married Agatha Franz in July, 1916. With these prospects Father Jacob F. Toews was getting interested in the migration to Montana that had been taking hold for sometime in young and not so young farmers. Two of his children getting married needed a farm.

In April Father Jacob F. Toews and N. F. Toews made a trip to Montana to look over the Fort Peck Reservation near Wolf Point, Montana. Quite a group of Mountain Lake people moved there that spring.

They came back very enthusiastic. They both were very much in favor of us three taking a homestead there.

I reluctantly began to consider such a possibility. Father Jacob F. Toews wanted very much that we all three would go together. The season being so wet and the reports from Montana so rosy I decided to join the others in making the trip to Montana and see for ourselves and file a claim for 320 acres if satisfactory. In May Brother John, Jake and Nicolai and I set out by railroad to see for ourselves. We went to Nashua, Montana where by prearrangement a Mr. Miller met us to take us out on the reservation by car to show us what could be had. We drove around all day and found a nice two sections of 4 x = 320 acres. It was the best land on the reservation \$7 per acre, good grass no stones and gravel dark brown, chocolate color soil.

This land was about forty miles north of Frazer and about ten miles north of a larger group that settled the year before. The land there was pretty well taken and it had more gravel. We four filed for a 320 homestead and made a small down payment. I made it with a reservation in my mind that I might not go through with it. To make a long story short we all went through with it as will be reported later on.

Upon safely arriving home we were kept busy with planting corn and cultivating and harvesting the crop. Plans began to be made to move to Montana the following spring. We were together in a shock threshing ring with P. H. Franz who had a rig, with Helena's folks. We three cooperated the three years we lived on the Boyer farm. Plans were made to build some shacks on our homestead which was required. Brother Jake, John, and Father N. F. Toews decided to go to Montana and do this. They were very small and incomplete, but a start had to be made. I did the plowing at the home farm in John's place and chores on both places.

Now we were beginning to make preparations in earnest to move. I listed my 80 for sale at \$125 per acre if possible. I made a loan on it to finance it if I did not sell. Later I rented it to a neighbor's son, Peter M. Franz for \$300 a year cash.

In the spring of 1917 mother had her farm sale. I brought our things over that we did not want to take to Montana. Mother rented her farm to August Wengenroth. Father N.F. Toews, Mother and Susie moved to Alsen N.D. where Father took a church.

Sister Helena married A.A. Stoesz. They moved on a farm three miles south of Mountain Lake.

Our family circle and farming enterprises in Minnesota were broken up in a hurry.

On March 10, 1917 our daughter, Rosella Elisabeth, was born with Dr. W. A. Piper attending. These were busy and hectic times. In the later part of March we loaded two freight cars full of household goods, machinery five horses, and ten head of cattle, and other possessions.

Helena and the three children stayed with her folks until she would be strong enough to follow by train. We left for our new home as quite a group including our property. One man could ride free on each car with livestock August Baer went along with my second car.

Wereached Oswego the first week of April and unloaded our cars. The livestock was kept in the public cattle yard. We built a temporary shed in Oswego and stored the goods that we could not take with us on our first trip. In addition to furniture we had oats, hay, canned goods, meat, hams, lard, ten spools of barbed wire.

We were told that the entire country north of the railroad was deep under snow and it was not advisable to start out so we marked time. During this time the United States declared war on Germany.

We branded all our cattle and horses. Our brand was registered.

Agatha and Elisabeth arrived at Oswego shortly after we got there. Easter Sunday John, Elisabeth and I went to Wolf Point by train to visit the Jake Lemke's, Rev. N.F. Toews' daughter. After about two weeks waiting the report was that the snow was fast disappearing. We loaded our wagons and started on our way to our homestead driving the cattle ahead. The first night we stayed at a homesteader. The second night we stopped at Diedrich Olfert's place about two-thirds of the way. The following day we reached our homestead. Many ravines were full of snow and we had to follow the hills to stay out of the valleys.

On our land they had erected a 24 x 24 barn. I made a partition about 10 ft. wide across the entire width of the barn. This was to be our temporary living quarters until we were able to erect the house.

We built a corral for our cattle. The cattle roamed the wide open range for their feeding. Two of us went back to Oswego for another two loads of supplies. This trip always took the better part of three days. We decided to try to do some sod breaking and seed some flax before spending more time getting our supplies. Needless to say I began to get very lonesome for my little family. If I am right, I planted some potatoes on

May 1.

Helena and the children were to arrive the first part of May. They were to come by train with Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Neufeld and Anna Wiebe, later Mrs. H. H. Schultz. Miss Wiebe was to help Helena with the children. I promised to take her to her sister, the Siemens.

Before we left for Montana I had purchased a Model T Ford from Mr. Coffee at Wolf Point, to be ready by the first of May. Upon arriving at Wolf Point, I claimed my Ford, paid \$405 for it, and got it ready to take my family home.

The train was due in the evening so I took a train that afternoon a couple of stations east to Poplar to meet my family. Their train arrived in due time and I boarded it, greeting and welcoming my wife and the three children in Montana. Helena was very tired, otherwise, everybody was all right. We stayed that night at the Jake Lemke's. On the following morning we started out with the new Ford for our homestead some forty miles northwest with only prairie trails to follow. We took Anna Wiebe to the Siemens about twenty miles out. From there on we drove across the prairie with only a windmill in the distance as our guide. I believe we had to cross the Wolf Creek five times. It was a small stream with gravel bottom. We arrived at our homestead in the afternoon happy to have reached our home. Helena was very tired and with tears in her eyes she said she never wanted to leave the place again.

About three miles from our place was an inland store and the post office, Ossette, where we got our mail and could buy some supplies. Our first neighbors to the north were Mr. and Mrs. Olson an elderly couple and a Rev. and Mrs. Quinn, a Methodist preacher. There was a new school house about two miles north where Mr. Quinn would preach Sundays occasionally. In winter he once preached in our home. These people were from Iowa and were very good neighbors.

After some plowing and seeding we went to get the balance of our belongings from Oswego. We found a strong wind had damaged the shed and broken it partly open. Thieves had entered and carried off a considerable share of our supplies. They cleaned out several barrels of canned goods. They also took the ten spools of barbed wire and our only rocking chair and no doubt more. We had to make several more trips to Oswego to get our supplies and get lumber to finish the barn and build a house. The lumber of the shed was built in such a way that we could use one complete wall for the barn lean-to. It was a very busy summer. Usually two of us would go to town while one stayed with the women folks and took care of the livestock.

United States being involved in the First World War was setting up a drafting system. We had to fill out questionnaires with allotted numbers. Later the numbers were drawn as in a lottery to designate in what sequence one was to be called.

We had to get ready for winter. I dug a basement 16 x 24 for the house. We hauled and dumped into the basement about ten loads of lignite coal which we could buy about ten miles to the northeast. Later we mined our own coal. We built the house, a box car type, 16 x 24 divided into two

rooms, one 16 x 16 and the bedroom 8 x 16 and entrance 8 x 10. This was lined with light resawed boards and heavy building paper. It was quite warm and comfortable. I was a carpenter like my forefathers. Father N. F. Toews later commended me for doing a good neat job.

The draft board was busy and the numbers were advertized as drawn. Jacob J. Toews and my number came up early in the draft. Brother John's was toward the end of the list and was never called. Before long Bother Jake and I got our call to come before the draft board on a certain date in Glasgow, Montana about seventy miles to the southwest for examinations and classification. We went with the Ford with forebodings of what the outcome would be. Jake was examined the same day. I was slated to appear the following day. After the day's quota was taken care of I requested to be processed the same day also so that we could return home. Upon examining me they found my crippled leg which put me in Class 4F "Exempted from Service". Brother Jake was not so lucky. He passed and was subject to an early call. We started home the same evening late traveling over prairie and cross country roads. We got home safely after midnight. We had an argument with the draft board about our claim for exemption on conscience ground. They never heard of the Mennonites and their beliefs and all at once a large number new settlers claimed exemption. Our being of German background complicated matters since we were at war with Germany. I finally told them this stand was not of so recent date. The Mennonite church had consistently adhered to it since its beginning about 400 years ago. That was news to them. Soon they were after Brother Jake in earnest even to the extent of sending the sheriff after him. He had left already with his wife to the south settlement to leave her with her sister, the Olfert's, and he to report. He finally was released on the ground that they were expecting a baby. All fathers and expectant fathers were to be deferred. Jake knew that the law was on his side but they sure brought it to the test.

We were making a liberal amount of hay and were ready when the winter came. We did not go to town from Thanksgiving to Easter. During that summer the Mennonite Church at Lustre was organized by Rev. Jacob Stoesz. One day Henry Baerg drove up and informed me I was elected to the Board of Trustees for the new church. This gave some extra driving. We were worshipping with the E. M. B. church which was established with Rev. Jacob A. Wall as leader. I made an effort to have our group unite with the E. M. B. 'S. This could not be done without our group losing its identity. It never materialized. Peter Teichrow was elected as evangelist. Only once during this winter did we drive the twelve miles across the Cottonwood, a small creek with about six miles of high rough bluffs, to the Henry Baerg's home for a meeting on Sunday. We had four horses before the bobsleigh and drove without tracks avoiding the deepest snow. Jacob and Agatha were with us visiting their relatives.

Mr. Teichrow preached. He did not make a go of it. The Lustre Church survived and grew. They have their own church building now. We were welcome to attend at the Wall's Church whenever we could. I often was asked to make the introduction, Bible reading, and prayer in their services.

Our land was located just north of the Cottonwood Bluffs. We had our cattle and horses running loose. They would go four or five miles from

home. There were springs of water in these badlands and they would never go far from a certain waterhole.

Close to our house was a spring that furnished all our water supply. We dug a six foot well on the bank, put in a pump and had clean water for our use in the house.

At the spring we just dug a 4 x 4 hole about three feet deep and that always remained full of water. The stock would drink from the top. It did not overflow but kept its level.

Rainfall was very scarce. I really do not remember a real heavy rain. It was remarkable how the land would produce. Potatoes and all root and garden fruits were bountiful. The grain crops were very small during our entire stay of three summers and two winters. We would header the grain. The elevator on the binder delivered it to the wagon. It was quite a job to stack and thresh this short grain. We hired the threshing done by the hour. The first small rig charged \$7 per hour. Another large rig by a professional thresher, Mr. Rohring charged \$14 per hour. We had to furnish the labor.

The second summer, we broke as much sod as possible. I believe I hired to have some done. We put a two wire fence around our land using local willow posts except for corner posts. I believe both of our parents visited us during this summer. Susie, my sister also visited us.

A small girl of Jake Lemke's of Wolf Point died of summer complaint. We being their only relatives felt constrained to go to the funeral. We stayed at her Uncle Frank Toews who lived in Wolf Point. That night we all got sick with the summer complaint, diarrhea. It was in August. This could have been earlier, I am not sure.

Rosella, our youngest child, got very sick. The rest of us soon got over it. She was about a year and half old, weighing 21 pounds. After one week she had lost 10 pounds. It looked as if she would not live. We had Dr. Dewayne, M.D. about three miles away who was from Wisconsin. He had taken a homestead to relax. He did what he could for her but it was a long time before she improved. She lost her ability to walk. She lost this a second time after a relapse. She was stunted with a large abdomen and stiff knees. It was called rickets. Food would not agree with her. She was a very patient sufferer. Our hearts were aching and we were very worried by her condition. She grew very slowly. This kept on until the winter we spent at the Toews' farm 1919-20. Here she was fond of baked apples. This seemed to cure her. She has never been very robust but carries on a normal life.

While my folks were there, I received a letter from my land agent, Mr. Jass from Mountain Lake that he had a buyer for my farm at \$125 per acre. My mother made the remark if she could get \$125 per acre for her farm, "the home place", she would sell too. I said to her if she was serious I would sell mine and buy the home place. This offer was accepted. We bought the home place and made plans to move on it as soon as we

could establish our claim in Montana. This was in the fall of 1919. I really never moved to Montana to stay there. I did not want to spend all my life in the western wilderness and raise my family under those primitive surroundings. We enjoyed our homestead experience very much. We profited by the hardships it brought with it. We learned to use our resources in varied circumstances. We learned to appreciate beautiful Minnesota with its green trees and prairies. Montana has its charms with the wide open spaces and the beautiful bluffs, but it is barren and gray. Many homesteaders who stayed have had very good crops and made good in a material way even to the extent of leasing their land for oil prospecting. A profitable oil strike has not been made to my knowledge. Farming in a way was easier than in Minnesota. There were the possibilities for cattle raising. It had no stones and cheap land. The second winter and the third and last summer were much the same. Besides the land I had broken already I hired a tractor-plow outfit to break up an additional 40 acres. I seeded that in flax, none of it came up, a total loss. I do not remember getting any rent the next year either. We got a small crop from the earlier seedings.

The flu epidemic was raging the second fall, I believe. Scoby to the north buried about 300 of its 1300 inhabitants. People were dying like flies everywhere. Even threshing rigs had to stop account of the flu.

None of us got a touch of it. God's protecting hand was over us. We stayed close to home. The third summer we made a trip to Alsen, North Dakota to my folks and Susie. We had a wonderful three weeks with them. I helped some on the construction of the new church. We took in the Northern District Conference at Munich. There were frequent heavy thundershowers. The sloughs were full of water. Oats and the crops looked wonderful. We went back to Montana. There had been no rain. Everything looked shriveled. The 40 acres flax we seeded before we left was as barren as ever. After the small crop was taken care of we made preparations to move back to Minnesota.

On September 13, 1919 we sold our surplus livestock, horses, machinery and whatever we did not want to take back to Minnesota. We had a sale together with Henry F. Janzen about fifteen miles southeast of us. We hauled all our things over there and drove the cattle over. The Janzen's also were moving back to Minnesota. We had a very good sale about \$1500. Somewhat later things did not sell as well since more and more sold out. We were told later by others we had left just in time. The following Sunday, September 15, a truck load of friends came over from the south community to give us a farewell. It also happened to be Helena's birthday. Brother John and Lizzie and Dora by this time as well as Jake and Agatha and Marvin stayed another year. Then they also sold out and returned to Minnesota.

In October we prepared to move back to Minnesota. We hauled our goods to Wolf Point. We sold our Model T Ford to George P. Teichrow living south about twelve miles for \$400. We drove the car three years for \$5. Prices had gone up sharply. Helena and the three children left by passenger train towards evening. We had secured a sleeper for them.

The H. F. Janzen family left on the same train and helped her. The day before there was an accident. A daughter of the J. A. Walls, who was a sister to Mrs. Henry F. Janzen, returned to go home. She had hauled a load for the Janzens. She stepped on the tongue of the wagon to fix something on the harness. The horses bolted and ran away. She fell off and was run over by the wagon. She suffered a broken arm and other injuries. She was brought back to Wolf Point and also went along to be treated in Mountain Lake. We loaded our car. We took four horses, one calf, some implements and household goods. Brother John and Jake helped with the hauling and loading. Henry F. Janzen had one car. His brother, Peter V. Janzen, went in his car and I accompanied our car. We left the day following the departure of our family.

I do not remember the date. It was a very nice warm and sunny day when we made the last trip to Wolf Point. When our car passed through North Dakota the next day our coffee was frozen in the car. I arrived with the car at Mountain Lake in the afternoon of October 19, if I remember correctly. I unloaded the horses, put them in the stock yard, watered and fed them. I planned to get them the next day. I took my faithful riding horse and started for the folks' farm where Helena and the family stayed.

There was a happy reunion. Everybody was well.

It had been a very wet season in Minnesota. The buildings were wet and soggy. The crops were not so good. Much had drowned out. Father Toews had the hayloft full of water grass that had grown in the grain field and had been cut for hay. My horses refused to eat it for awhile. Corn was very spotty and wet. I got the impression Minnesota was a poorer country than Montana. We stayed with her folks until the following March, 1920, when we moved on to our farm. I plowed quite a bit on our farm. The neighbor, Andy Groves, was just picking his corn. He had better corn than most farmers. I picked and dried a supply of his corn for my seed. It was a mixture of Minnesota No. 13 and Iowa corn. I have used this corn with very good results until the Hybrid corn took over.

On December 30, 1919 our son, Jacob T., was born in the Mountain Lake hospital. That was a happy event. I always said one cannot afford to get sick or be buried in Montana. Everything went off normally and soon Mother and son could join the family circle. Dr. W. A. Piper attended. He was very capable.

During the following months I bought a Model T Ford the same year. Model I sold in Montana. I believe A. C. Peters had it. I got it for \$300. During the winter I patronized the farm sales to buy what machinery I needed. I bought quite cheaply. Cheaper than I sold my implements in Montana. I remember I bought a Deering binder 7 foot for \$26. I overhauled it and it served for sixteen years when I bought a power binder. During the winter we butchered quite a few cows at Father Toews place. He wanted to reduce his herd. The meat was sold.

On March 1, 1920 we were to take possession of our farm, my home place. Mr. Wengeroth had been notified the summer before that he was to vacate. He was rather slow and was still not ready to move. After some

prodding we finally just moved in with him. He had rented another farm. He could have moved in there.

Seeing that we meant business he moved out and we could go after things in earnest. The house was very dirty and rundown. It did not stay that way long. The entire place was in a rundown condition. We had a lot to do to bring it back.

We bought eight cows from Father Toews at \$80 each. That had been the price but values were rapidly falling. It proved to be a costly investment. World War I had ended November 11, 1918. Prices were still high. Oats was \$1 per bushel and corn up to \$2.18 per bushel. That same fall when I had my crop for sale oats was 15¢ per bushel, and corn 30¢ per bushel. Other farm products were about the same proportionally. That put quite a damper on our hopes for success. Since we owed most of our debts to mother we had an advantage. We did not always need to pay on the dot. We could hold our crops for better prices and paid as we were able. She has not lost any money on us. We have paid every interest and principal due until she died. The balance of our debt was settled in the estate.

I was very much concerned to get the farm in better shape. I planted a number of evergreen and ash trees on the east side around the house and south of the driveway. I had to replant some. Next spring I planted mostly Black Hill spruce. I wanted to increase the fertility of the land. To that end I purchased 100 pounds of sweet clover seed at \$35.00 which I sowed in the northeast field across the hay meadow. The object was to make hay or seed and plow it under for soil improvement increasing the nitrogen. I venture to say I may have been the first in the area to embark on this type of farming. I divided the farm into four fields rotating sweetclover (pasture, hay or seed) corn, oats, barley and flax. I have kept this up to the present. Later I used red clover. At present I use Terra Werda Alfalfa with small grain. I had to do a lot of fencing in the course of time.

We went into dairying more and more, breeding a herd of grade Guernseys. We always had Poland China hogs, increasing to over one hundred a season. Chickens and other poultry was a sideline.

The large poplar grove to the north began to dry up. We cut it down and made firewood. That was a lot of work. Finally the maples started to dry off too, so we topped those along the road and removed those along the driveway. We planted ash where the poplars were and elms along the driveway. That meant I chopped and carried in the firewood for all our heating a number of winters.

On July 19, 1921, Elmer, our youngest son, was born. I was shocking my last oats crop. Sister Susie was with Helena. We had agreed she would throw down a long pole with a flag on it which I had set up against the chicken house, when it became necessary for me to come home and call the doctor. This plan worked perfectly. Down went the flag that afternoon and things began to happen. Dr. W.A. Piper attended. He had learned what to expect and how to proceed by this time. It was another healthy boy. Everything was normal. This was another reason to be thankful to God for His blessings.

Eveline began to go to District School the first winter. She was eight years old. This was a late start because of our moving around. I think Arno started at the same time. This meant a lot of extra work taking them down and getting them in the evening. All our children completed the eight grades in the District School. They went two years getting the equivalent of the ninth and tenth grades, in the Mountain Lake Bible school. Arno quit before he was through with the high school. I wanted him very much to finish. I believe he was discouraged because he had to stay home to help with the farm work part of the time. They drove to Mountain Lake for the greater part of this time with a Model T Ford Coupe. The year after Elmer finished the Mountain Lake bus came to get the children of our neighborhood.

I was appointed to serve on the School Board as Treasurer in 1923 or 24 in place of William Clark who died. I served two years of the unexpired term. Later I was elected three more times. In all I served eleven years. I was fortunate in moving the school treasury two times to a different bank and each time the former bank closed its doors and stopped payment shortly. The School District lost no funds while I had the books.

In the middle 20's we built a hog larn of block 26 x 40 ft. I loaded by hand all the gravel and sand and hauled it with horses and wagon from the Linscheid pit. About 1930 we made a large cistern in the basement, built a large chimney from the outside of the house, and erected a pump house. We bought our first radio in March, 1925, just in time to hear President Coolidge's inaugural ceremony. I believe that was the first time that event was broadcast. It was a Stromberg-Carlson set and quite a novelty. Friends and neighbors came to listen to it.

In the fall of 1928, we bought a Chevrolet car from J. W. Sawatzky of Darfur. The same day we bought 80 acres of land, the Wiebe 80 from Peter Wettistead for \$6,500.00.

From 1920-1935, we shock-threshed with neighbor, Rev. Jacob Stoesz and sons. By the way, Rev. Stoesz and family moved in to the Grandfather Friesen's farm the spring of 1920. His sons, John A. and Peter A., built their farms on this land. He paid \$145.00 per acre for it. We were in one shock-threshing ring. Erdman Stoesz also was in this ring. Sister Helena and A. A. Stoesz built a barn in 1919 and a house in 1920, at the north end of our home place. They had 80 acres. Aunt Susie had 40 acres between theirs and ours. When Susie died in 1939, we divided the 40 acres between us. So they had 100 acres and we had 140 acres of the home farm. We were a very congenial group of neighbors for many years. We helped each other as need arose. Ed Stoesz died in his sleep. After that, his son Dietrich, dropped dead as he cut thistles in the garden. We helped carry him in. Sometime later neighbor Peter A. Stoesz passed away suddenly as he retired for the night. The neighborhood is completely broken up now. Only Cornelius A. Stoesz still lives in Grandfather Friesen's place. My mother bought a house in Mountain Lake on Boxelder Street. Mother and Father Toews and Susie moved into it in 1926. They had a nice home and spent a peaceful happy time there in the home community close to the children. Mother died of a stroke July 2, 1934. Father Toews also died of a stroke June 24, 1935. Sister Susie died October 15, 1939. She suffered internally, probably stomach cancer. The house was sold to Mrs. Abram J. Wiebe. We received about what they paid for it.

Another home was broken up. We have no abiding place here. Soon we will receive the call, "Child, come Home." "Teach us to number our days." Psalm 90:12. Helena's father Jacob F. Toews died April 8, 1935 at their home in Mountain Lake. He had cancer of the kidney and prostate. He was very sick for about two years and suffered much toward the end.

In the winter of 1939-40, we bought 40 acres from Mrs. Clark, for \$2,500 joining Arno's. Later we sold it to him for \$125 per acre.

Father Jacob F. Toews has meant much in my life as already indicated. I had hardly known my father and found a true understanding father in him. I have told him so and thanked him on his deathbed. He was public minded, active in Church Board and Bible School for many years doing faithful and sacrificial service in both. He was a dedicated and devoted Christian. One could easily discuss Scripture, religious and church problems with him. Mother Toews was a very devoted mother and has meant much to our family in her quiet and loving way. She has remained the longest with us and still is spry and alert, living in the Eventide Home. She is 92 years old at present.

LIFE HISTORY OF GRANDMOTHER TOEWS AS TOLD BY HER

I will try to write down how the Lord has helped and led me.

I was born on June 19, 1868 in South Russia, Molotchna in the Village of Alexanderthal. As much as I remember, I have been seriously sick only once when I was about 6 or 7 years of age. I had the measles and had to stay in a dark room. My father was away for a number of days. He was hauling provisions of food and fodder for the horses of the Army. Where he had to go I do not know, nor do I remember how long he was gone. I recalled this after those who could give more details had all passed on. How this was hidden in my memory I do not know, but it is clear to me now that it happened. What they did to me I do not know. I heard them occasionally talking, "Is she still sleeping?" And the answer, "She was awake for a short time, but she is sleeping again." I have sometimes wished I had died then. But it was not the Lord's will. I recovered completely from this illness and except for frequent headaches I enjoy good health. Praise the Lord!

I attended school in Russia for 3 years, studying the Russian language the last years. I was able to read some Russian, but have forgotten it entirely.

In 1878, my parents and family immigrated to America; Father, mother and 6 children. We arrived at Mountain Lake, Minnesota, on July 6th. Mr. and Mrs. Johann Regier met us. Mrs. Regier was my mother's sister. They took us to their home which was the home of my grandparents, David Nickels. Two of Mother's sisters, the Beckers and Klievers, and their families were there to welcome us also. The house was full.

We stayed with them till my parents bought a farm 6 miles southeast of Mountain Lake. Here was a sod house, built half-

way into the ground. It was alive with bed bugs. After much cleaning we got rid of those unwelcome guests, and we got along for a while. The same fall Father and my brothers built a house with lumber. Although it still was quite small, it was much better than the sod house. They were not able to finish the inside. They constructed a brick oven, for heating, cooking and baking.

We cut the long slough grass, which was as tall as a man. This was used to heat the oven during the long winter. That worked out quite well.

The brothers and sisters all stayed home and worked on the farm. There was no need to look for employment elsewhere before they married and started on their own.

I was baptized on Pentecost 1888. On October 30, 1888, we had our wedding. We lived that winter with my husband's folks. In March we moved on our own farm 5 miles northeast of Mountain Lake. There was a barn on the place and we lived in it during the summer months. We built a house and were able to move in before winter. It was not finished from the inside, but the outside walls were covered with back plaster. Double plaster was used for insulation purposes. We built the customary brick oven, that kept us nice and warm. So, we worked to establish our modest home. Through weakness and failings 'Our Heavenly Father has not forsaken us.' We tried to serve Him.

September 15, 1889, a daughter was born to us. We named her Helena.

September 13, 1891 Elisabeth was born.

November 3, 1892, Franz, a son was born. He did not live, and my life hung on a thread. Those were trying times. The Lord did not forsake us, and restored my health again. So, we were able to go on till 8 children were born to us. All except Franz, were healthy and normal. I have much reason to be thankful to God for this grace towards us. I have often failed in my endeavor to bring up my children.

After Franz came Jacob and he was followed in succession by Nickolai, Gerhard, Marie and Rudolph. With the in-laws there are now 13 living. There are 22 grandchildren in all, 17 of these are married. To date, there are a grand total of 51 great-grandchildren.

I am very thankful to God that they all grew up with the desire to take hold of life everlasting. This also is grace from God, which we have not earned. I pray every day that no one be lost in the world. This I pray for my entire family.

As the children left the home circle one by one, they were married and established their own homes.

After we lived on the farm 36 years, we decided to move to town. We built a house and moved to town December 11, 1924. Nickolai and his wife, Marie, stayed on the farm. After one year Nickolai got sick and they also moved to town. He slowly grew weaker until he became entirely helpless. He was sick 30 years. Those were dark years and it has often driven us to prayer. For his wife Marie it was a very difficult time. All things work together for the good for those that love the Lord. I must confess that this has brought me closer to God. Then Agatha, Jacob's wife, became sick, until she was quite helpless and still is.

After we lived in town about 10 years, father became sick with cancer of the bone. He suffered much and was much in pain. He went home to be with the Lord with a full assurance of his salvation. His testimony was: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." Then I was alone and yet not alone. The Lord has never forsaken me. Marie has done much for me.

The first Christmas after father's departure, the children were all at home. It began to snow in the afternoon, with high winds. All left for home. Gerhard and Susie stayed over night. The next morning was bright and sunny but very cold. They also got ready and left for home. Then I was alone in the house. Marie was on duty at the hospital. I took new courage and began to put the house in order. I worked at it all day. When I had finished and changed clothes, Mrs. Pankratz dropped in and brought me a Christmas present. After she left, I lay down on the davenport to rest. It seemed to me there were some of the children in the house. It became so quiet and I felt so strange in the head. I listened and said, 'Am I dying?' Nobody answered. I listened for a response. All at once, it shot through my head as if a faucet were opened and a stream of water was forced through. My head felt so light and clean. I hoped it would stay that way. But it did not. I believe it was a blood clot in my head. I just as well could have died and nobody would have known what had happened. It was not God's will. He held His protecting hand over me.

Another time when I was nearly run down by a car, I could just as well have been killed, but my time had not come. The Lord gave me my health again. He still had work for me to do. One evening I walked to the High School for some meetings. As I walked home, I crossed the street at the Balzer driveway, thinking it would be safer there. As I stepped from the sidewalk, I saw a car coming very fast around the corner at Heppners. Since I was across the street on the right side of the street, I thought I was safe. But, I did not hear the car pass, so I looked again and noticed the car had stopped close to my side. They must have lost control of the car. I was so shocked I stood still, I don't know how long. I reached over with my hand and touched the car. Here again the Lord protected me and saved me from sudden death. To Him be praise, honour and thanks! So I commit my life be it long or short, to Him. He will do all things well.

This last year has not been easy for me, giving up everything

at one time. That is, home and family life with Marie. The familiar hymn, 'Von Der Erde Reis Mich Los', became more meaningful to me.

When Lena became seriously ill this spring, I asked myself, 'Will the cup of trials not get too full?' The Lord has helped to cross this mountain also, so that now I can thank the Lord. He has made all things well. To Him be praise and glory and thanksgiving! He has restored Lena to health again. Marie is happy. He has protected me on my journey and brought me home safe and healthy.

I read somewhere, "God keeps no one longer on this earth than till his work is done." I do not know what task he still has for me. I will follow as He leads. I have one prayer that He may give me faith to the end and a sound mind all of my days. I pray that all my descendants would be saved. God never fails!

Written February 3, 1959

Mother Helena Toews

Translated by J. L. Friesen Feb. 16, 1959.

I took the place of Father Jacob F. Toews on the Trustee Board of the Bethel Mennonite Church. I was a member of the Trustee Board as secretary or chairman from 1926-1935. I was a member of the Building Committee for the parsonage in 1936 and again in the Trustee Board from 1937-1944 inclusive and a member of the Board of Deacons as church secretary four years.

In 1935, about the time Father Jacob F. Toews died, we bought our first tractor, a case with steel wheels from Penner Implement Company, Mountain Lake. We were able to trade three or four horses which were in oversupply. We added tractor machinery, including a plow, drill, and power binder. The first combine we got in 1942, a 6 ft. Gleaner, second hand from Kansas. Jake spotted it for us. In 1935 I bought a second hand wooden Avery threshing machine. We did our own threshing after that together with a few neighbors. When we got the combine, we sold the threshing machine. We had two Case combines after that. The fall of 1951 we traded our first Case tractor for a new Case tractor with rubber tires, 3 plow size from Comfrey.

The winter of 1935-36 was a very cold and snowy winter. One blizzard followed the other so that the road past our farm was impassable for weeks at a time. For a couple of months we had our '28 Chevrolet standing on a hill one mile north near the County Road, east and west. We would drive up there with the bob sleigh, leave the horses at A. A. Stoesz and go around by Butterfield to get to Mountain Lake. John A. Friesen, who was visiting our daughter Eveline, had a hard time getting through.

That spring one evening John and Eveline asked us for our blessing for their marriage. We being concerned for the well being and welfare of our children were willing to give our consent. The thought that our family circle should be broken laid heavily on our hearts. Then again we would undoubtedly be enriched by a son-in-law. The wedding date was set for May 27, 1936.

Eveline was very industrious and had busily enlarged her hope chest. As the time arrived the lilies were in full bloom and were used in decorating the church. The wedding was in the Bethel Church, Mountain Lake in the evening. We had invited a large group of friends and relatives. I remember saying goodbye to her in our home for the last time as our very own. It cost us bitter tears and heartache. I even made the remark, it feels like a funeral. The feeling and expression seemed prophetic as events later revealed. They were married by Rev. John Bartel. They made their home on an 80 acre farm northwest of Mountain Lake belonging to John's father. They lived on this farm until March 1, 1938 when they moved to their 160 acre farm one mile north of Butterfield. Here Eveline died suddenly of an embolism on September 14, 1938 nine days after Marlene, our first grandchild, was born. John later married Elsie Harder on March 8, 1942. John died of brain tumor on May 14, 1950. Two sons, Loren and Tommy were born to John and Elsie. They are talented boys and will make their mark in life.

Those were dark days but the Lord has been with us and John's family. He will and has promised to be with us till we meet again. This is nearly 22 years closer now. Elsie is doing a wonderful job in providing for and training her family. We often thank the Lord for His special care in giving to Marlene this loving mother and two brothers to enrich her life. We as grandparents have enjoyed giving the love we had for our firstborn to these that took her place. We consider them as part of our family. We try to be parents and grandparents to them. We feel we are accepted by them as well.

The year '36 was a very dry and hot summer. We built the granary & corn crib that summer. There was only a small grain crop. The corn crop was nearly a failure. It was the poorest crop year since 1911 to the present, '59.

Marlene finishes Northwestern College this year to take up teaching. She is in God's special care.

This is a copy of Memoirs I wrote down for Marlene Kay of the passing of her Mother, our Eveline, September 14, 1939.

"One long year has passed since our sad experience of the sudden death of our child. It is the wee morning hour, sleep flees my eyes, as it often does when this sad experience stands before my mind's eye. My wife is at Arno's taking care of little Carolyn and Mabel, just as she intended to take care of little Marlene Kay one year ago. But that never materialized. How things repeat themselves. Praise God we have been spared the loss and tears this time. May the Lord give His further blessing, that Mabel may be spared and her child grow up a healthy child of God. God forgive the many tears, the agony of heart we have experience this long year. We do not want to rebel against His will. We have submitted our sorrow and care to Him daily. His will be best. He has drawn us closer to Himself. The heavenly home is more real and much nearer than before. We trust that this bereavement is part of the "All things work for good for them that love the Lord," for ourselves, dear Marlene and John. We have committed

them especially to God's care and keeping daily and shall continue to do so. God says He is the father of the orphans. We trust He will be that to little Marlene Kay and replace the care and love her Mother had so gladly given her. God has so wonderfully taken care of little Marlene Kay this year through John's mother and sister Meta. She has developed wonderfully and is a bright, loving, healthy child. May God always have ways and means to replace her mother's love and care in her future life. May He bring her finally home to Himself and our dear one in glory. May God also comfort and guide dear John and hold him by His almighty hand. More than the loss to us as parents is the hurt and worry of seeing John so lonely in his earthly home. God knows. He cares. We were at Eveline's grave the other day. The flowers bloomed beautifully preaching to us of the beautiful beyond the grave even for our departed ones. We planted a nice petunia plant and pansies on her grave in spring. A few weeks later the petunia was gone. About a month later we visited the grave again, and here was our petunia bigger and nicer than before full of large flowers. It continued to be so all summer.

We let it be an illustration to us, that likewise our dear Eveline blooms in the life beyond better than she did or could on this sinful earth. The hymn "Lead Kindly Light" rings through my soul and mind this morning."

The year 1937 brought two memorable events. Our Silver Wedding was on September 25. We observed this event with a service in our Bethel church on September 25, 6:30 p.m. We had invited a large group of friends and neighbors and served them a full meal.

The program was as follows: Message and welcoming words in the German language. Here follows the program.

Opening by prayer and a word of welcome by me.

General Singing

Message by Rev. P.J. Friesen

Duet by Eveline and Rosella

Message by Rev. John Bartel

Trio by Eveline, Arno and Rosella

Poem by Elmer

Quartet by Eveline, Arno, Rosella, Jacob

Closing Prayer by Rev. John Bartel

Four days later Arno married Mabel Sawatzky on September 29, 1937. The wedding was in the North Butterfield Church, with the reception at the Peter J. Sawatzky farm home. Rev. Victor Sawatzky married them. They took their honeymoon trip to the Wisconsin Dells. They spent the first winter with her parents. In the fall of 1937 we were able to buy an 80 acre farm with small buildings and very nice level land for Arno and Mabel northeast of Mountain Lake with \$1000 down. It was bought from a loan

company which had repossessed it from Abraham Goosen. This was a very fortunate buy. The thirties were depression times. Many people lost their farms and all were in severe financial difficulties. We were fortunately able to handle this. I had taken out a \$2000 insurance policy in 1917 which was paid up and had a \$1000 cash value. This we invested.

Here is an idea of what prices were. I sold hogs for \$1.50 and \$2.00 per cwt. Other prices were comparable.

Around 1940 our son, Jacob, came into our bedroom one evening. He told us he had decided to go into full-time Christian service. We were surprised but glad to give him our consent and our well wishes and support. At first he considered to go to Moody Bible Institute to get to work sooner. I had occasion to observe how this usually ended up with finishing college after a period of preaching. I advised him to go at it in the regular thorough way of college and seminary. He later has thanked me for this advise. He has never regretted taking it. It enlarged his field of usefulness greatly. He attended Freeman Junior College one year, Bethel College two years and some summer school and Biblical Seminary, New York three years graduating in 1947.

Going back to 1938, we find the first important event was Rosella's marriage to Raymond Dick. Raymond was caught in a blizzard one night the winter before while visiting her at our home. He had left the car on the north edge of our grove. He had to go around north via Butterfield. He got as far as the Peter Baerg farm three miles north of Butterfield where he stayed overnight.

The wedding was on June 1, 1938 in the evening at the Bethel Church. We had invited a large group of friends and relatives. We served a full meal. They got many gifts. They first lived in the upstairs of the Dietrich Heppner home. Ray took over a filling station in partnership with Jacob J. Loewen. Later they lived on the Henry W. Dick farm and farmed that for a number of years. Then they moved to St. Peter taking over a Coast-to-Coast Store. Later they built a nice house and bought the store. Their son, Rodney, was born July 12, 1942 at Mountain Lake. He is our oldest grandson and we are proud of him. He is in his last year of high school now and going places. May the Lord direct his way is our prayer.

I do not remember much about the crops during these years. They were usually quite good and after we had made a Federal Land Bank loan in 1933 we were able to pay our obligations and the principal so that the Federal Land Bank loan was paid in full in January, 1943. This cleared up all our debt and we have had the good fortune to stay out of debt even being able to lay up some for our time of retirement. After we bought the Wiebe 80 in 1928, the help of the three boys was felt more and more and our financial problem became increasingly easier.

On August 30, 1939 a daughter was born to Arno and Mabel in the Mountain Lake Hospital. This granddaughter is in the third year in Bethel College now and active in choral work. She made a number of singing tours including one to Europe in 1958. She is making good. She has been especially close to us as we had more occasion to get together. After she came

home from the hospital, Grandma Friesen stayed with them. She nearly choked in colic. Grandma had the scare of her life but managed to revive her. The good Lord spared her, and did not take us through the deep waters as a year before. We praise His name. The Lord kept this child.

Arno's farming was quite successful. He had his setbacks. January, 1943 was a very cold month with much snow. They were expecting their second child. On January 16, 1943 Allen Jacob was born. He was a big husky boy but died during delivery. The severe weather conditions made it hard for Arno to get around and for us to arrange for the funeral. I made a neat strong coffin. That was all I was permitted to do for him who was to bear my name. He is in a better land and we shall meet him there. God's will be done.

The sorrow and misfortunes of our children and grandchildren worry and depress us more than our own. Their success and blessing by the same reason give us cause to rejoice and to be thankful.

On February 15, 1947 another son, Stanley Allen was born. He is a healthy growing boy now. He is mechanically inclined. The Lord be his strength and shield. He has accepted Jesus as his personal Savior as noted in his Bible.

Their fourth child, John Charles, was born December 17, 1952. He is a very active youngster in his first grade of school. He seems to be musically inclined. He is Grandma's boy. They often play games together. He is devoted to both of us. I believe all our grandchildren are although one shows it more than the other. He is just in that age now. We receive much joy and happiness through him. The Lord make this child his very own. May his life count for Him and mankind is our prayer. We have been together more with Arno's family. We did much of our farming operations together. He made it possible that we could put in a few extra years in farming. This gave us both financial boosts as crops were very good during our last farming years and prices were high.

An important date in Arno's farming operations was August 5, 1951. Lightning struck his barn. It burned to the ground destroying everything in it: a large John Deere tractor, drill and manure spreader. These were practically new. He lost two head of cattle.

In 1951 he built his new house and shortly after that corn crib and hog house. Just a couple of years ago he build a large quonset machine shed. All is paid for. Arno and Mabel are both active in church work as Sunday School superintendent, teacher, and in choir activities.

Arno specializes in raising a special breed of hogs which promises to be a profitable enterprise.

Our son, Jacob T. Friesen, married Lisbeth Koehn of Meno, Oklahoma on September 2, 1945. Rev. David C. Wedel officiated in the New Hopedale Church at Meno, Oklahoma.

They both went to Biblical Seminary for two years. Jake graduated May 26, 1947. We, Mother and I, went by train to New York for graduation.

We stopped at Niagara Falls. We spent nearly a week in New York. We had a very good time visiting many points of interest together with Jake and Lisbeth. We bought a secondhand Chevrolet for Jake and started on our way home. We stopped at Akron, Pennsylvania, Washington, D.C., Mt. Vernon, Luray Caverns, Gettysburg, Chicago Mennonite Biblical Seminary, Wisconsin Dells and other points of interest. Jake has served as assistant pastor during the summer months at Reedley, California and Halstead, Kansas and Beatrice, Nebraska. The First Mennonite Church at Beatrice, Nebraska called Jake as their pastor. On June 22, 1947, he was ordained as elder. He had been ordained as evangelist in 1943. We drove over to Beatrice for the ordination. It rained very hard Sunday forenoon, six inches. We went to Beatrice for dinner. Afternoon as we went to the country church for the ordination service the river ran over the bridge. We finally managed to go over. Many of the church members were unable to reach the church because of high water. Rev. Erland Waltner officiated at the ordination. The river overflowed its bank and Beatrice was cut off from all directions for the entire night.

He served as elder to the Beatrice Church from June 1947 to October 1951 when he was given a leave to serve as MCC Director of Germany at Frankfort for eighteen months.

Jake received a call to the First Mennonite Church, Bluffton, Ohio and began his service in September, 1956. He has been and still is serving in Boards and Committees of the General Conference. He is a successful minister and church leader. His services as youth speaker and pulpit speaker are much in demand. We thank God for this privilege and pray that the Holy Spirit may guide him, use him and that as his days his strength will be supplied. On September 2, 1949 Priscilla Jean was born in the Mennonite Deaconess Hospital in Beatrice. She is a bright dark-eyed girl growing up and a joy to her parents and grandparents. She is full of life and a good student.

May she follow the path to everlasting life and become a useful dedicated child of God is our prayer.

On April 21, 1954 Jacob(J.) Lowell was born to them also in Beatrice, Nebraska. He is to continue his grandfather's name. I was thrilled when this fact was announced over the telephone at the time of his birth. He is a promising young lad. There is no grass growing under his feet. We hope and pray he has a bright and useful future. I leave for him the verse given me by both my grandfathers as stated elsewhere. Romans 14:7, "For whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die we are the Lord's." I share with him a free translation of a German poem I learned in my early days.

O love, my child, while love you may
O love while still can be response
The hour draws nearer day by day
When you will sob for one more chance.

This brings us to the account of our fifth and youngest child, Elmer G. Friesen. He married Mathilda Dick on May 27, 1943 in the First Mennonite Church, Mountain Lake, Rev. I. J. Dick officiated. His brother

Jake was his best man and Marlene the flower girl.

They stayed and farmed with us for one year. He lived on the old Flaming farm, one and three-fourth miles southwest for two years. They farmed about four years on the I. D. Dick farm four miles west of Mountain Lake. In 1950 they moved on their own farm which they bought the year before located three miles west of Mountain Lake, south of the railroad Section 11, Lake side Township. They bought 160 acres of unimproved land at \$125 plus two-fifth share of crop. They moved a barn on it and built a small house in the fall of 1949. It is a nice piece of land. He has enlarged the house and it makes a nice home. He planted a large windbreak. He has trouble in getting water. This curtails his livestock enterprise.

We were able to give financial help so that he could buy it. I bought the south 88 acres of the 248 acres. We had to take the entire piece for \$125 per acre. We got two-fifths share of crop which amounted to \$15 per acre. We have also given considerable help in labor and machinery as there was need for. We have done it gladly. We hope he makes good.

They have been richly blessed with five children. This makes for a lot of work, grief, and worry but much more pleasure and reason for thankfulness. We have experienced it too in our family life. The Lord provides. Dennis Elmer was born December 4, 1947 at the Bethel Hospital, Mountain Lake. He is a big, healthy boy already, a big help in the home and farm and a good student. He loves to read. I believe he resembles me in his temperament, his likes and dislikes. He is somewhat withdrawn from rough and trouble company. He enjoys listening to older people. He has a passion for reading. I can see myself in him in a number of little traits. God bless him and lead him aright and that he might willingly follow and become His very own. May he be able always to say with Paul in Philippians 1:21, "For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain."

Robert Erland was born August 15, 1949 in the Bethel Hospital. He is a big boy, doing well in school. Robert has a character all his own. He is independent and industrious. His gifted and aggressive personality should go far with the Lord's help and proper guidance. Psalm 119:9.

Marjorie Marie was born August 27, 1952 in the Bethel Hospital, Mountain Lake. We got the news while we were in Germany. She is a strong healthy girl who has to take care of herself among four brothers. She is a little reserved and independent but has a golden character.

Verlyn Eugene was born September 30, 1955. He is a very loveable child who will be like Dennis, I believe. He can talk intelligently. He has had a few set backs not being very strong but seems to come along all right this winter. He sure is the joy of his parents and grandparents. God bless and protect his child in time and eternity.

Gary Eldon was born in the Bethel Hospital, Mountain Lake on February 16, 1959. He is not very strong, born with a stomach that did not seem to work right. It is acting up and he must be fed carefully. He is a child of many tears and prayers. He is developing and we hope time can heal and restore what he needs. He is a friendly little chap; a little angel. Jesus said

the angel of these little ones always see the face of my father. We commend him to the Lord. He has given, he can provide and will have a way and a place for him.

Elmer hurt his back about six years ago. He had a slipped disc and could not ride a tractor. He rented out his land for three years. In two years he again was able to farm it himself.

Maybe I should briefly list some operations and sickness in our family which I have not mentioned before. In spring of 1907 I had a tumor removed (about the size of a hazel nut) on my right hand where the bones of the thumb and the fore finger meet near the wrist. Dr. O.E. Hagen did this. He had been our family doctor for many years.

Rosella had her appendix removed while at home. Rosella had two major operations within the last three years. She had an operation on her hemorrhoids and on a slipped disc. All the children had their tonsils removed when quite young. Helena had her tonsils removed by Dr. Schutz.

On March 8, 1958 Helena had her left kidney removed in Mankato Emmanuel Hospital by Dr. Michealson. It was cancerous.

Ray Dick had a ruptured appendix operation in the fall of 1959.

All the children except Eveline had to have glasses. The boys got them when they started school.

The Good Lord has healed and given his blessings to the efforts of the doctors. We thank Him for it. He is good. I was once bruised by a horse I tried to harness. It knocked me unconscious. This was the only time in my life I fainted.

About six years ago I developed a heart condition. I had a very fast and irregular pulse. It is supposed to be in the nerve that regulates the heart beat. I have been under the care of Dr. Schutz. I had my upper teeth pulled on account of infection. I must regularly use pills. It has improved but I am to be careful.

Mother and I are very thankful to our heavenly father for his rich blessings in our happy married life and for our devoted children. All have been and are our joy. They have brought much happiness into our life. All work and worry that has been the price of bringing them up has been performed gladly because of love we could give and receive. The same holds true in regard to all our grandchildren. We are not worthy of all these benefits.

After Elmer and Mathilda left home in the fall of 1943 we farmed alone from 1944 to 1956. We just worked the 140 acre home farm. We disposed of the livestock so we could manage. It would have been impossible without the help of Arno and Elmer during harvest time. In the spring of 1955 we bought a lot in Mountain Lake from W.H. Regier for \$2600 near the church and park. In 1956 we built a bungalow house on it. Will Classen had the contract. Walter Buller was the carpenter. All the trimming and paneling in the front & dining room is black walnut from a tree on our farm that grew from a nut

I planted when quite young. The trimming in all the rest of the house and the paneling in the breezeway is maple which was cut from trees on our home farm which my father planted. The house and lot cost about \$20,000.

We rented the farm to neighbor C.A. Stoesz. We had our farm sale September 25, 1956. We moved into our new house on September 26, 1956.

Here we have a beautiful, restful place to spend the days the Good Lord grants. We enjoy love with each other and with children and grandchildren. We do much reading and studying of God's word. Praise God for what he has wrought. I went over this Jordan August 22, 1911 as a cripple lying on my back. Now we are a household of six families and six homes.

I wrote this far on March 30, 1960.

A little over one year ago, I felt I should continue to record my life's story and the happenings in our family. Today is May 30, 1961. I have over a year to record to bring it up to date.

In May, 1960 Marlene graduated from Northwestern College, Minneapolis with high honors. Ma and I attended her graduation exercises. Rodney graduated from the St. Peter Minnesota High School in May 1960. He was one of the top students. On June 13, 1960 Ma and I took a trip to Dallas, Oregon by train to visit her sister, Marie, and brothers, Gerhard and Rudolf and families in Dallas and Salem. Henry Schierlings and others were visited.

We stopped over at Abraham F. Toews, Wolf Point, Montana for a nice two day visit there. Mr. Toews died not long ago. We refreshed our stay in Montana (1917-1919) and recalled many important sights and experiences. The Toews' drove around with us quite a bit.

Going down we took the bus to Minneapolis and the Great Northern. Coming back we came by the way of Seattle, Washington. We took a boat from Seattle to Vancouver, Canada for a very enjoyable and scenic one day trip. From Vancouver by train through the Canadian Rockies is very beautiful. We stopped at Rosemary, Alberta at the Rev. Jacob D. Nickel home, Grandmother Toews' cousin. We spent two days and got to Minneapolis July 11 where Rosella met us. We stayed over night at Rosella's and came home July 12 by bus.

The spring of 1960 was very wet and nearly impossible to get the crops planted. The rain fall during 1960 was 36.95 inches. Arno could not plow his level farm and had a very poor late flax crop on it. The rolling land at the home place and at Elmer's did better and made a crop of about 60 bushels corn, 55 bushels oats, 20 bushels beans to the acre.

On August 19, 1960 Marlene married Mac E. Soderquist from Minneapolis. The wedding was in the First Mennonite Church, Mountain Lake, Rev. Jacob T. Friesen officiated. They had a very nice wedding.

In the early fall of 1960 Mathilda had a gall bladder operation in the Mountain Lake Bethel Hospital. She is quite well recovered.

Rodney entered Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana. Carolyn attended Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas. Marlene taught school in Crystal, Minnesota. Mac attended Northwestern College. We visited Marlene and Mac in Minneapolis one Sunday in December, 1960. Jake and his family were home several days in August, 1960. I continued writing July 7, 1961.

Going back once more to April, 1960, Ma had taken X-rays of her lungs regularly every three or four months upon the recommendation of Dr. Michealson, Mankato, who operated on her kidney two years before. These began to show some change and indicated the possibility of the spreading of her disease. The doctors decided there was nothing to be done.

We always took our cares to the Lord in prayer. This revelation caused us to look away from any human help and put our trust in the Lord for healing or stopping the progress of her condition and giving health. Many of our family prayed with us for her. In a special way Rev. and Mrs. Harvey Snively of California prayed when they visited with us several days. In May, 1960 they made our concern a special matter of prayer and continued to do so. This encouraged us very much as they had themselves repeatedly experienced marvelous answers to prayer in their own lives.

The Lord gave grace that we were able to take hold of His promise. Our hearts became still and comforted in His power and will to heal her from this malady.

We rest in His will. He has wonderfully sustained her. She has been getting stronger and is in comparatively good health. Now over a year later there isn't any indication of trouble along this line. We praise God for His help and continue to do so. We are resting securely in His will and love.

Looking back to the happenings of this year we find that we had quite a nice and mild winter with little snow. The spring was very late and slow. Rainfall was quite sparing and we have had only about nine inches so far. Crops are looking fine at present. Corn is on schedule and except for some low spots everything looks promising.

Henry J. Fast is farming the 88 acres at Elmer's in Lakeside Township. He is doing a nice job.

C. A. Stoesz farms the home place. Things look promising there.

The Blom family continues to live in the buildings and keeps the place in pretty good shape.

The new Democratic Administration with President John Kennedy and Orville Freeman, Secretary of Agriculture made drastic efforts to raise the income of the farmer which is rather low at this time. Everything the farmers buy is sky high. Taxes are very high also. The big thing was to pay the farmer from \$26-\$32 for an acre of crop land taken out of production i. e. 20-40 percent of the allotted corn acre base. Most of our acquaintances went into this program.

Rosella and Ray sold their business in St. Peter in March. They had been very successful with Coast-to-Coast Hardware for about twelve years. It was getting hard for them to continue. It began to effect their health. Rosella had her feet operated on for corns and other deformations caused by her continuous work in the store. The operation was successful and is healing well. They took an extended vacation trip to California and other points this spring.

The health of our family has been very good so far. Little Gary has improved tremendously after a slow and sickly start. He began walking after he was eighteen months old and is all over the place now. This is another answer to prayer. Our Lord is able.

On March 12 I taught my last German Sunday School Class which I had in recent years. On the following Sunday John Sawatzky, my assistant, had the class for the last time. The sudden death of Jacob Fast and John Sawatzky's desire to join a younger group ended the class. He was a displaced person living in our country about ten years. He is now able to understand and use the English language. This left only three members. We decided to discontinue this German class which John B. Fast, Jacob M. Franz and I had attended since the year 1896-97. This is quite a record of about sixty-five years. Our teachers were, if I remember correctly, John H. Regier, Jacob F. Toews, A. A. Penner, David H. Fast and myself. This closes another chapter in our church life. It never will be the same.

I taught Sunday School off and on since shortly after our marriage. I sometimes taught a regular class but often was called to help. I was not able to refuse when asked. I do not consider myself a good teacher. I attended the so-called businessmen's class after this. My Uncle J. John Friesen was the teacher. I want to mention one incident that came to light lately as he taught. The lesson was from the Epistle of James in regard to the tongue and the use and misuse of the same. He said there were things one never forgets. "My oldest brother, (my father) was killed by lightning, after being married about seven years. His widow (my mother) told me that in the seven years of their married life together Jacob (her husband) had never uttered a harsh, unfriendly, unloving word to her." A perfect man according to James. I have been told again and again during the years by people who knew my father that he was an outstanding Christian character as a pillar in the church and in his contact with fellow men. I hope and pray to God that all of his descendants may have some of his noble traits.

My Grandmother Friesen often said he had a successful hand. Whatever he undertook he brought to a profitable conclusion. After this little diversion into early history I again come to the present.

March 22-April 4, 1961 we visited with our son Jake, Lisbeth, and the grandchildren, Priscilla and J. Lowell in Bluffton, Ohio. We went along with Rev. Loris Habegger to Elkhart by car. Jake and family got us from there. We returned by train to Mankato where Rosella and Ray met us and took us home.

Mac Soderquist graduated from Northwestern College, Minneapolis on May 31, 1961.

Loren Friesen graduated from Butterfield High School on June 1, 1961.

Jake and Lisbeth visited us from June 5-8, 1961.

Our granddaughter, Carolyn Friesen married Paul R. Roth on June 6, 1961. They drove to Canby, Oregon to work during the summer.

Total income from crops and cash rent from the 140 acre home farm rented to C.A. Stoesz for the 1960 crop amounted to \$2978.39. The rent from Elmer for the 40 acres in Lakeside Township for 1960 crop was \$517.64.

On July 14, 1961 a severe hail storm struck just west of Mountain Lake causing much damage to crops. The affected area was about three miles wide and thirty miles long northwest-southwest. Elmer's farm was on the west edge of it and suffered some damage.

Ma and I took Rev. and Mrs. I.J. Dick along to Senior Retreat at the Northern District Retreat Grounds, Swan Lake, South Dakota. We left Friday, August 25 and returned Sunday, August 27.

It is fall again. The strong wind drives the leaves up and down the landscape. We seem to have reached a most critical time in the world's history. The Russian Khrushchev is ever menacing the peace of the world. God knows what lies before the world and our country and our individual lives?

Today the last of this year's harvest was safely gathered in. We have had an exceptional good growing year with rain and sunshine about right. Except for the hail damage mentioned earlier, the crops were wonderful. Even the hail damaged fields made a good recovery.

At Elmer's farm and on our land the beans yielded about 19 bushels to the acre and corn from 40-70 bushels per acre and was very dry. Henry J. Fast farms our land.

On the home farm the yields were approximately: oats 60 bushels per acre, beans about 25 bushels per acre and corn 65-85 bushels per acre. The shelling and weight results are needed in order to get exact figures.

Rodney Dick and Loren Friesen entered Goshen College this fall. Rodney is a sophomore and Loren a freshman.

Marlene and Mac bought their own house at 2815 West 52, Minneapolis 10, Minnesota.

Ma took a medical examination by Dr. Michealson at the Mankato Clinic on October 30. Upon careful examination and a chest X-ray compared with the last X-ray picture about 18 months earlier, it showed no change from the last time. The examinations all were favorable. This report was very encouraging and proof to us that God was undertaking for her and answering our prayers. There is nothing seriously wrong with me.

We had quite a nice fall. Much plowing could be done. The first killing frost was on September 28. Rainfall according to my record was 26.4 inches.

In the last part of September we together with Ben Heppner tiled across his land, connecting my three tile outlets east of our home place. We tiled on his land an 800 foot main 8 inch tile and 490 foot 6 inch tile. I was to pay half the cost. My share amounted to \$225. This gives us a good tile outlet. We have used a forced outlet for a number of years.

On December 17 a son was born to Jake and Lisbeth. A healthy child named Von Tyler. We thank God for this special blessing to Jake's and us. It is our prayer that the Lord might protect, bless, and be with him through his entire life, that he might choose to be a child of God and to be used and be useful for God's kingdom and fellowman.

One looks with a troubled mind into the future. What all may be in store for this little one as well as all our children and grandchildren. God is still on the throne and they are in His hands. Matthew 28:20.

Arno, Mabel and boys went to Portland, Oregon by train. They left from Wilmar, Minnesota on December 21 and returned on Jan. 6. They visited with Carolyn and Paul and other relatives in Salem and Dallas. Paul had been doing carpenter work until Christmas. He planned to continue his studies after New Year in a United Brethren College at Portland. They reported a very nice visit and a good time, finding Carolyn and Paul happy and established in their own home.

Because Arnos' left before Christmas, we had our Christmas with them Sunday, December 17. Elmer and family also were over. We had our Christmas family get-together on Christmas Day with Elmer and family, Rosella and family and Elsie and boys.

Elmer has worked at the Toro Plant in Windom most of the time except for a couple months during the summer when most of the workers are laid off. He operates his 160 acre farm besides.

Rosella and Ray have made three extended trips: in late winter to California, in summer to the East Coast, St. Lawrence River, and Washington D.C. Rodney was along on this trip. They plan to go to Mexico in January, 1962.

The New Year started out with moderate temperatures. In the later part of January and February it turned very cold, running up record low temperatures in many areas of the state especially up north. Snowfall began to increase during February and March being exceptionally heavy about 40-50 inches. It is still piling up with little thawing so far.

There has been much flu affecting a great many people. About three weeks ago Ma and I came down with it. Ma was in bed nearly a week.

Grandmother Toews became sick the same time and has a hard time getting over it.

On March 8, Ma and I left by train from Mankato for a 10-day visit to our children: Jake, Lisbeth, Priscilla, J. Lowell, and Von Tyler, our newest grandson whom we were anxious to meet.

Jake met us in Lima, Ohio Friday, March 9, at 4 a.m. We found them all well and are having a wonderful time.

Last Sunday, March 11, was my birthday. I was 73 years old. Rodney Dick and Loren Friesen drove down from Goshen College. So I was honored with a very enjoyable birthday celebration with our loved ones here.

I am very thankful for all love shown. I am especially thankful to my Heavenly Father for His leading, blessing and keeping throughout life.

On April 28 Bradley Eugene was born to Marlene and Mac Soderquist. He is their firstborn and our first great-grandchild. Bradley Eugene is the first in the eighth generation and the last name entered in our genealogy. He is another blessing to our family and another name on our prayer list. May the Lord bless him and make him a blessing according to Psalm 37:5.

A major coming event, God willing, is our Golden Wedding Anniversary on September 25, 1962. Present plans are to celebrate it on September 2 in the Bethel Mennonite Church, Mountain Lake. It is to consist of a short program by members of the family at 2 p.m. This will be followed by an open house and reception in the church dining hall. It is hoped that all of our children and grandchildren will be present for this event.

I now come to the conclusion of these memoirs. My grandfather Jacob Friesen told me shortly before he passed away fifty-two years ago that I should not forget him when he was gone. I believe most old folks feel that way when they come to the end of a long and active life. These memoirs are intended to honor his request. They are also in honor of the others that I remember and have described. In a way we also want to remember the long list of ancestors of whom we know only names and dates.

My desire and request of those that follow us is that someone interested and devoted to our family and its history might keep a supply of these books in his possession and present a copy to each of our descendants when they marry and establish a new home. This can serve as a reminder of the heritage, history and faith of their forefathers. May this be an inspiration to them in establishing a Christ-centered home. Our blessing and prayer go to each one in the words of Matthew 6:33 and John 17:20.

I wrote most of this material with no thought of publishing it. The memoirs are written as they came to my mind. They contain trivial details of intimate emotions and private experiences along with facts of more general interest. None of this was originally intended to be read beyond the family circle. When members of the family and others had seen the material I had accumulated, they suggested that I have it printed in some form to be shared with members of the family. I am especially indebted to my nephew, Rev. Benjamin Sawatzky, who first suggested the idea of mimeographing the genealogy. He set out to assemble the genealogy but made only a small start before returning to the mission field in India. Last winter my son Jacob T. Friesen took it upon himself to arrange the genealogy and edit the

memoirs in preparation for publication. To him and his wife Lisbeth goes the credit of making this book possible.

Now my prayer accompanies these modest efforts. May they be a witness and testimony of God's goodness to us and our family and of his faithfulness in all situations of life. May each and every one of our descendants accept Christ as their personal Saviour and live a life of love to Him and service to others. May they lay hold of God's promise in Exodus 20:6. "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God... showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments."

Jacob L. Friesen

June 1, 1962.

Mountain Lake, Minnesota

1353 1

